THE
NATION

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LETTERS

Were They Spies?

Dear Sirs: I read with great interest Charles Edmundson's article, The Dulles Brothers in Diplomania, in your November 9 issue. However, in what was otherwise an excellent piece, there appears, apparently unintentionally, some double talk. Edmundson states that the State Department has at all times insisted that "the Americans held prisoner in China were illegally held." He adds, "This is not true," and states that the means of establishing that at least two of the prisoners are secret agents of the United States can be found in *The New York Times*. He gives no citation. Then he goes on to say that "some prisoners who have been released have confessed that they were intelligence agents." Again no citation. Later he mentions Fecteau and Downey as having "confessed." Still later he states that President Eisenhower "in a sort of backhanded way" at a press conference indicated that there might have been a legal case for China's holding any of the prisoners. Again no citation.

When Mr. Edmundson talks of at least two prisoners being secret agents as reported in the *Times*, are these two prisoners the same as "some prisoners who have been released have confessed," and are these two prisoners Fecteau and Downey, and is it the same two to whom President Eisenhower referred at a press conference?

BERNARD REICH

Beverly Hills, California

The Author's Sources

Dear Sirs: The citations which Mr. Reich asks follow:

In a story from Peiping dated Sept. 9, 1957, *The Washington Post and Times Herald* quoted Richard Fecteau as saying that he was, in fact, an employee of the U. S. Central Intelligence Agency. Since John T. Downey was captured in mainland China at the same time, in the same plane, in the same hyphenated garb (neither military, nor yet civilian), and was convicted on the same charge—and since their cases are equated by the U. S. Government—the Fecteau confession may be said to extend to him also.

There have been other confessions, among them the two following: *The New York Times* of March 24, 1955, told of the confession of Malcolm Bersohn, who had been held in China for three and a half years on spying charges. Bersohn gave his confession to the press upon disembarking from a plane at Idlewild Airport.

The New York Times of August 8, 1955, gave the statement made to the press in Tokyo by Col. John Knox Arnold Jr., who was released in China after serving two years of a ten-year sentence. Col. Arnold was commander of a plane which, like the Fecteau-Downey plane, was shot down over China. *The Times* stated: "Colonel Arnold was commanding officer of the 581st Air Resupply and Communications Wing [a joint venture, now abolished, of the Air Force unit and the Central Intelligence Agency], whose mission in global war would be to fly into enemy territory and drop supplies to United States or Allied agents or groups operating there [Manchuria]." Col. Arnold told reporters that under pressure he had told the Chinese "things they shouldn't know."

At his press conference on December 3, 1956, President Eisenhower, "in a sort of backhanded way," indicated that "there might have been a legal case for China's holding two of the prisoners." At that time China held thirteen Americans, of whom, according to the President, eleven were captured in uniform.

John M. Hightower, of the Associated Press, then asked: "Mr. President, is there anything you can say, sir, about the status of the other two men, in addition to the eleven who were in uniform?"

The President: "Well, it is cloudy, I think, and I couldn't discuss it in detail."

In press circles in Washington, where permission for U.S. correspondents to go to China was then a burning issue, the President's refusal to discuss the status of two of the prisoners was considered a tacit admission that their imprisonment was of a different order from that of the others.

I do not believe that the President was accurate in his statement that eleven of the thirteen then held were captured in uniform, although his error, if he committed one, was probably quite unintentional. Neither do I know whether the two captives whom the President was placing in this special category were Fecteau and Downey. When their plane was shot down, they were wearing some garments of military issue and some civilian clothing.

If Mr. Reich desires information about the general philosophy of Foster and Allen Dulles in conducting an intelligence-sabotage-provacateur organization, he should talk to someone who heard Allen Dulles' off-the-record talk to the Overseas Writers Group (not the Overseas Press Club) at the Carleton Hotel here about four and a half years ago and read Foster Dulles' prescription for the operation of such an agency in his speech before the Bond Club, New York City, May 6, 1948. Foster Dulles then called for a "peacetime OWI and OSS combined" to answer the "subversive warfare" of the Communists.

CHARLES EDMUNDSON

Washington, D. C.

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VOLUME 185, NUMBER 19
NEW YORK, SATURDAY, DECEMBER 7, 1957

THE NATION

EDITORIALS

The President's Illness

With every American and most of the world's citizens, we were keenly distressed to learn of the President's illness and join in the hope for his early and full recovery.

There is, however, one aspect of the President's illness on which we dissent from the outpouring of press, radio and TV comment. On all sides it is said that the illness could not have occurred at a more desperate time: there are the NATO meeting in Paris, the missile race, the messages to be prepared for Congress, the conferences with Congressional leaders, the budget and a host of other pressing matters. To make things worse, three of the President's "strongest" advisers (Humphrey, Wilson and Brownell) have left the Cabinet. The mere thought of the agenda on the President's desk has moved most commentators to voice demands for "action," strong leadership and special "team work" expedients to make up for Mr. Eisenhower's absence.

But is there ever "a good time" for the President to be ill? The Presidency is a unique office. Any time its occupant is ill or out of the country or unable, for any reason, to bring his maximum powers to bear on the problems requiring his attention, it is unfortunate and can, of course, be dangerous. But we reject the suggestion that at this moment a "crisis" exists of such magnitude as to require extraordinary measures.

Of the various reasons cited to prove that such an emergency does exist, the pending NATO meeting appears to be the most compelling. But is it imperative that the meeting be held on December 16? Is it even desirable? For weeks, now, we have been told that the Administration has not shaped up a program, that the policy-makers are faced with a cruel deadline. We have been told, too, that the Administration is "shopping for ideas." By clear inference we have been told that the American delegation would probably have to "play by ear" in Paris.

In other respects, also, the timing of the Paris meeting is not ideal. Not since Neville Chamberlain has a British Prime Minister suffered such a disastrous decline in prestige as Harold Macmillan has experienced in the last three months; seldom has one commanded so little respect at home or abroad. On the evidence of recent by-elections, the Tories have lost the support of the electorate but, at the same time, the Labor opposition has failed to put forward a convincing alternative program. France has another caretaker government, weak, insecure, vexed by problems. West Germany's frigid reaction to Mr. George Kennan's proposal for military neutralization of a reunited Germany is another indication that the present might not be the best time to hold a NATO meeting.

As to the missiles race, *The Nation* is opposed to "crash" programs, which would only add to existing tensions, without first exploring the possibilities of negotiation. Nor is there any apparent reason why we should try to reach the moon before Christmas. What we need, above all, is a new policy. New policies seldom emerge from crises, real or imagined. Throughout the post-war period, American policy has too often been improvised to meet some "crisis" of the moment. Now is not the time for action, but for stock-taking, reassessment, a restatement of goals and objectives. We need a new program for peace, not an intensification of cold-war military policies.

Nor are the domestic problems, urgent as they are, of a character that require emergency action.

While there is no crisis at the moment of a gravity that requires desperate expedients, it is always possible that hysterical comment might conjure such a crisis into being. To the President's other burdens should not be added the task of coping with a national semi-hysteria precipitated by those who simply repeat what everyone is saying as well as by those who seem sincerely to feel that the times justify panic. In short, the emergency is less the President's illness—grave as that is—than the possibility that his condition might engender, or be used to manipulate, a national mood of fear and trembling which could bring on a crisis where none now exists.

Time for a Turn

On all sides there is evidence of impending change in key national policies; witness the willingness to increase defense spending, to lift the debt ceiling if necessary, to ease fiscal restrictions as by cutting the discount rate, to resurvey defense needs, to take up the

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question of federal aid to education, to place more emphasis on basic-science research, and so forth. Struggling hard to capture the new mood, editorial writers have been putting a severe strain on familiar terms. In some quarters, the mood is characterized as a "national turnaround"; in others it is called a "turnabout." Apparently there is an attempt to suggest more a *willingness* to change than any actual radical shift in direction, to imply that the changes which impend are somehow more significant than any specific developments in the post-Sputniks weeks would indicate. For example, we are told that the new mood is not to be measured in terms of dollars or brawn but is, instead, "a more subtle, more sophisticated switch" *(Business Week)*. If the new mood implies a general willingness to consider alternative policies, it is a hopeful sign; turnabout or turnaround, it really doesn't matter, so long as there is a general recognition of the need for a turn. What is needed is a policy, a plan and a program for peace. If, as Mr. C. L. Sulzberger has pointed out in a series of penetrating columns in *The New York Times,* it is indeed time for a change in policy, if we have "allowed our policy to become synonymous with anti-communism"—which is, of course, no policy at all—then we commend C. Wright Mills's article (page 419) in this issue. If the Administration is really "shopping about for ideas," here is a packaged program that makes sense.

Dream of an Egghead

Among the proposals which Edward Teller made to the Senate Preparedness subcommittee last week was the long-range one of developing in the public a more respectful attitude toward the nation's scientists; in his opinion we do ourselves no service by viewing them as "highbrow" curiosities.

Mr. Teller is right—we should stop laughing at our great brains—but meanwhile the great brains themselves do little to earn our serious attention. The week before Mr. Teller spoke, eight of our leading scientists (the group included two Nobel Prize winners) met at the Waldorf-Astoria in New York to help celebrate the centenary of Seagram's whiskey by forecasting what the world will be like a hundred years from now. As they see it, we shall be able to pick the sex of our children and decide whether we want them singly or in litters; there will be no disease of any kind; we shall eat vegetable steak and it will be delicious; earth satellites will deliver the mail; there will be gambling joints in outer space; gifted individuals will contribute their seed to sperm banks for the improvement of future generations; all physical labor will be performed by machines; we can live much longer, if that is thought desirable.

But how shall we govern ourselves, under what terms shall we live with our neighbors, what ideals shall we honor, what beauty shall we see, what gods shall we worship and what will the words "love," "truth" and "honor" mean to that generation of super-gadgeteers?

The scientists do not say, and would probably protest with some show of righteousness that these are not matters about which they are competent to speculate. Perhaps not, but Mr. Teller says that we must respect them, and how can you respect men who do not immediately think in such terms when the future is proposed to them? The future of the human race resides in its humanity, not in its ability to construct honeymoon motels on Venus. And until our scientific geniuses get that through their superior heads, they have earned no more than our amused curiosity.

The Rewards of Awards

We have just received a letter of introduction from Joan Doe Associates (we're withholding the name because in this area any publicity is good publicity), the only professional organization in the country set up exclusively to handle awards. Who should be honored, how they should be honored, what they should be honored for and the machinery for bringing the award and recipient together with maximum effectiveness for the donor—these are the concerns of Miss Doe and her associates (at a flat fee or per diem). According to the *Blue Book of Awards* (it exists) more than 3,000 national awards are given annually, and Miss Doe guesses sadly that the average person could not name ten of them offhand. Obviously a terrible lot of generosity is going to waste.

The gold watch given to a citizen who has served his community well is one of society's most gracious impulses; awards in the fields of the arts and letters do something, at least, to make up for the fact that society does not, perhaps cannot, pay adequately in conventional coin for such work. But too often these impulses are thought of as ends in themselves. What good does it do to present a war bond to the Mortician with the Most Sincere Handshake or to the Carhop Most Likely to Marry a Customer if nobody but fellow morticians and carhops knows about it? Miss Doe can so manage things that the public learns what friendly and desirable creatures morticians and carhops really are. If the Pulitzer Prizes and old Dr. Brown's inscribed hunter are both slightly tarnished as a result, it is the price we pay for converting idle generosity of spirit into negotiable publicity.

Angry Man

Mayor George Christopher, of San Francisco, is an angry man. On the basis of three separate assurances from Governor Goodwin Knight that the field was clear, Christopher announced himself as a Republican candidate for the Senate. Overnight, while the Mayor

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was in Europe, the blow came: Knight himself became a candidate and Christopher was left with his big-money support gone. "A stab in the back," the Mayor called it. After a hasty return and a quick consultation with advisers (who advised him to get out), he decided to make a fight for it. The announcement was less of a surprise than its phrasing:

> The average voter has been let down by a few people calling the shots from the back room. It has disillusioned the members of the Republican Party. It's about time those few people started to consider they are reckoning with a man who makes up his own mind. I would be violating every tenet of good, decent government if I let that small group dictate to me. . . . I will go up and down the state . . . and tell the people the truth about some things that haven't been brought out yet. If this would ruin the Republican Party, it is their decision, not mine. If the people don't have a choice of candidates in this state, it is time they learned about it.

Glaring at reporters, the Mayor added: "They have stripped everybody involved in this of his personal dignity. I would lose mine as well if I were to withdraw now."

One reads these words with wonder. "Makes up his own mind," "tell the people the truth," and especially "personal dignity," are phrases one had forgotten might be associated with a Republican from California.

Mr. Meany's Brinkmanship

With the crusading enthusiasm of a Carry Nation, Mr. George Meany continues to purge unions from the roster of AFL-CIO. At present unions with a total membership of three and a half million—almost a fourth of the total claimed by the federation—have been fingered as likely prospects for ultimate expulsion. Nor should it be forgotten that perhaps a million organized workers were outside AFL-CIO when the merger took place. Now, no one suggests that Mr. Meany should condone unethical practices; *The Nation* was concerned with such practices long before Mr. Meany took cognizance of them. But a word of caution seems appropriate. If Mr. Meany continues to act as though each disclosure of corruption confronted him with but one option, namely, to purge the offending union, we predict that he will thin the ranks of the AFL-CIO to a degree that he does not anticipate. Some evidence of corruption or other unethical practices can be discovered in many more unions than have been investigated to date, and the disclosures may be expected to continue as long as Mr. Meany is willing to act as a disciplinary arm of the McClellan committee. This is not, we suggest, the way to strengthen democratic practices in labor unions or to fight corruption. Somehow one suspects that Mr. Meany is the victim of a fallacy embedded in the Code of Ethical Practices adopted by AFL-CIO. A more modest approach would have been to define certain "unethical practices" which would not be tolerated, rather than to set forth a code which ambitiously undertakes "to protect the labor movement from all corrupt influences." Whatever the cause, Mr. Meany's quick reflexes are being exploited to weaken the labor movement—and not, it need scarcely be added, by those who have the best interests of that movement at heart.

C. WRIGHT MILLS

PROGRAM FOR PEACE

AROUND AND AROUND the little Red moons are circling, over underdeveloped countries and overdeveloped nations but not over any properly developing societies. There are no such societies of any consequence, and soon there may not even be an idea of how such societies might look.

Yet the problem of the world today is how to establish and to use models for the industrialization of the world's peoples. That problem is posed by the fact that the two models now dominant—the U.S.A. and the USSR—are becoming similar kinds of overdeveloped nations; and by the fact that the terms of their world antagonism are facilitating their convergence. Technically and geographically, they are superior nations. Unlike the societies of Europe, each has amalgamated on a continental domain a great variety of peoples and cultures. Each has expanded mightily in territory and in power. And the key to each is technological prowess. So different are they in historical outline that in their encounter we witness the confrontation of two epochs, marked off by two kinds of revolution; yet so similar are the bureaucratic facts of their industrialization, in the context of total war, that in their encounter we also witness their convergence.

For both, war is obsolete as a means of any policy save that of mutual annihilation, yet in both virtually all policies and actions fall within the perspective of a third world war. In both, science and loyalty, industry and national canons of excellence are in the service of military metaphysics: the view

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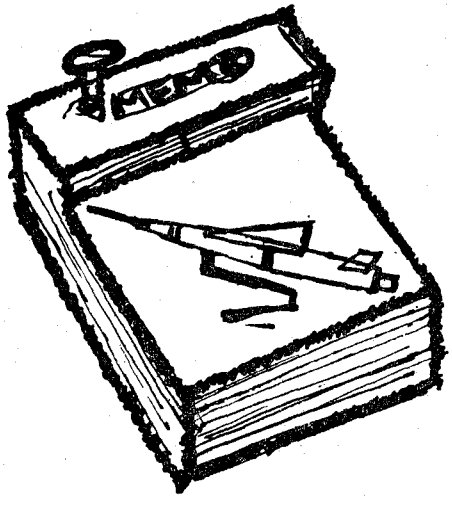
that the *real* factor in world history today, the *real* deciding point of the conflict between Soviet communism and American capitalism, is the means of violence and who has them. In both, the Science Machine is made a cultural and a social fetish, rather than an instrument under continual public appraisal and control; and to the machine's economic as well as military aspects, the organization of all life is increasingly adapted. In both, the means of production and of consumption are so arranged that there is neither pride nor satisfaction to be derived from either. And in both, there is little craft in work and little real leisure in leisure.

There are many other points of convergence between the two countries, both in the dream and in the reality. And as the Soviet industrial complex is enlarged, the parallels will become more pronounced. Industrial and military technology, not ideology, will determine that the dreams of each will in due course be found in the realities of the other. But the immediate point of importance is the fact that in both, small ruling circles are possessed by a crackpot realism which assumes that military metaphysics and the whole supporting ethos of an overdeveloped society geared for war are hard-headed, practical, inevitable and realistic concepts, rather than quite mad.

THE STRATEGIC outlook is not decisively, and certainly not permanently, changed by the Red moons and their launching missiles. The equipment in combat readiness on both sides remains devastating and capable of lethal retaliation. The development of this equipment is cumulative: one "ultimate weapon" follows another in geometric progression—and the base for the acceleration, in both war camps, is quite adequate for the end in view.

But the strategic outlook is only the idiot's short-term view. It is the fact of this idiot's race that ought to be our main concern, not the score at any given moment or the alarmist cries which would frighten us away from examining its deadly assumptions. ("The last thing [Western statesmen] . . . wanted," a veteran Washington correspondent commented on developments in the last weeks of October, "was to deprive the Western world of its Sputnik-inspired fright. . . .") The need which the Sputniks dramatize is the need to reconsider the terms of the world encounter. For that encounter is not just *there*; in great part, its very reality lies in the official terms by which it is defined. These terms have not been well considered; and, so far as one can learn, are not now being officially reconsidered.

Both the Russian and the American élite have fought the cold war in the name of peace, but the assumptions of their policies as well as the effects of their interactions have been, and are, increasing the chances of war. War, it has been assumed, is the most likely outcome of the parallel existence of these two types of political economy. United States policy has generally included the further assumption of Western military superiority: at first and specifically because of the A-bomb; when that proved illusory, the H-bomb offered a short-lived hope; and always there were the Red spies in America, upon whose work Soviet science was proceeding; and also, of course, it was really the captured German scientists who were at the bottom of it all. The collapse of all this nonsense did not upset the assumption: in the manner of all dogma, it was merely turned into a General Fact. By hook or by crook, the doctrinaire assumption was clung to: the West is superior; the Soviet system is backward; the USSR will remain a second-rate industrial power.



Moreover, just as the Russian élite has felt that the United States would somehow collapse in economic ruin, the United States élite has clung to the view that the Soviet system is always politically tottering. "They are in a very bad way," cried the dreary Mr. Dulles to the Senate Foreign Relations Committee on February 24, 1956. In the end, it has been hopefully assumed, *they* will have to seek peace, and then Washington will serve on Moscow its ultimatum, the terms of which nobody knows. This has been the big dream behind it all: the containment by military encirclement; the fake promises of "liberating the satellites of Eastern Europe"; the stupidity of supporting the puppet regime on Formosa; and the rest of it.

And United States policy is still based on some such official definitions of what it is reasonable to expect. It is held that if the United States cannot "catch up with and overtake"—to use a well-known phrase—the Soviet missile lead, the alternatives will be capitulation or extermination. In short, neither the United States nor the West generally has accepted as quite real, or legitimate, the *fact* of the Soviet bloc: the possibility of "peaceful coexistence" has been, and is, defined as mere Red propaganda.

I DO NOT believe that the United States ought now to straighten out its Science Machine in order to catch up with and overtake the USSR's. I do not think we ought to worry about the United States science lag as such. I believe we ought to use that worry to spur reflection upon the use of resources and the focus of rationality in both the United States and the USSR. In brief: who wants to go to the moon anyway? Do you? Really? Aren't there other things you'd much rather do? And do you realize that, however you feel, an increasing part of your life effort is being spent on just this kind of little trip—at an increasing risk to your life? Only those loony enought to make a fetish of "Scientific Progress," irrespective of its direction and result, would

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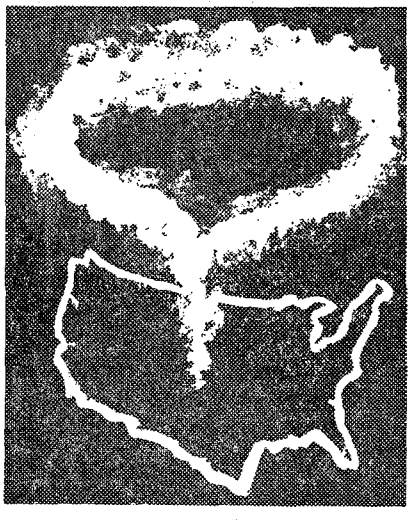
today think this a reasonable and proper use of man's rationality, effort and resources. I think the whole space gambol, with its military posturings, is a lot of malarky. Given the perils on which the gambol rests, and which it increases, it is an irrational focus for such total scientific effort. And given the human conditions today, it is an immoral expenditure of economic energy. But, as a climactic step in an irresponsible series of decisions and defaults, it fits very well the military metaphysics which possess the crackpot élite of Russia, the United States and of points in between.

United States policy towards Russia has been more a series of laggard reactions than a series of responses to changing world conditions. And now this general pattern seems to include military technology itself. United States policy-makers have done nothing effective to aid and abet the new beginnings in the Soviet bloc since the death of Stalin. Their policy has been inert, their demands have been rigid, their lack of political imagination, monolithic. I do not suppose the proposals I am going to make to be original; in fact, I take them as obvious reflections of any mind not captured by the official definitions of world reality. At any rate, here is my plan for peace:

1. WHAT THE United States ought to do first is to abandon military metaphysics and the doctrinaire idea of capitalism, and in the sudden reasonableness thus gained, reconsider the terms of the world encounter. From the standpoint of mere survival, let alone progress toward a world of properly developing societies, there is now one and only one paramount goal and only one general means to it: coexistence. Peace is, and can only be, a peace of coexistence. The means to peace is, and can only be, negotiation. The structure of peace has to do with the terms of national competition; the strategy of peace requires the substitution of economic and cultural terms for the military and military-science terms that now prevail.

U. S. policy-makers should not automatically reject as propaganda all overtures by the Soviet rulers for global negotiations. Of course, their overtures do also serve as propaganda, but to reject them for that reason is to reveal our policy-makers' own fear—all too often well-founded—that they have nothing convincing to say to the world; and it is to display their contempt for the intelligence of the world's peoples.

The United States élite must give up the illusion that "this bunch of Reds" will somehow go away, that their societies will collapse, or that there is any action short of mutual annihilation that the United States



can take to make them collapse. The élite must recognize the world historical meaning of the Russian revolution: that there now exists in the world an alternative way of industrialization; that this way works; and that it has great appeal to peoples of underdeveloped areas who have remained underdeveloped for quite some time in the epoch of capitalist ascendancy. Abandoning their doctrinaire capitalism, they must recognize that the same skills and resources that launched a half-ton moon can undoubtedly result in an automated flood of consumer goods; and that there are no technical, political or economic reasons why these skills and resources should not be so used in the near future. The Russian boasts of coming production are not bluffs. Russia is not going to remain a second-rate industrial power.

Of course the Soviet way of forced, speedy industrialization has been and is a brutal way; of course it has not led to such freedoms as the West has known; of course this brutality and tyranny cannot be justified by pointing out the brutality and tyranny of earlier capitalist exploitation (such as the exploitation of children in British mines a century ago). Nor is the insensibility of Soviet decision-makers excused by that of the American decision-makers who caused the first A-bombs to be dropped—without warning, without demonstration, without ultimatum—on civilian populations. Both are brutal; both display the inhuman lack of sensibility characteristic of underdeveloped men in overdeveloped societies, of men with rationality but without reason.

In the attempt at a new beginning, you do not forget the past; but neither do you allow it to govern the present. What matters today is tomorrow morning. What matters today is how a world of properly developing societies can be built out of the overdeveloped monstrosities that now pass for human societies. And the first and continuing means to that end is negotiation. The encounter is global; the power involved world-wide, and soon perhaps universal. The negotiations must now be between those who hold this power and must concern global matters. A reform here, an attempt there, a little bit at a time: that might do—if the over-all structure and its drift were favorable. But when the over-all tendency is as now, the whole structure, the entire basis of policy must be confronted.

2. SOME 20 per cent of the current U.S. military budget—operational and scientific—should be allocated to the economic aid and industrial development of underdeveloped countries, especially to India (see p. 434). In the next budget, and in each year's thereafter, this amount should be increased by an additional 10 per cent of the total. Tax levels should be kept roughly the same as the present, so that the increasingly economic and technical aid can come out of the military budget. Part of the money for industrial development should be used to mount a crash program—if we must use such language for

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emphasis—for the development of a variety of compact and readily transportable atomic-power plants designed to make electrical power available to all the peoples of the world. At the same time, the beneficiaries must be helped to develop a pattern of skills making possible the proper use of such power.

3. IN EVERY culturally underdeveloped area, including those of the United States, the U.S. Government should build a first-class educational system, and within it set up a program, on a world-wide basis, of circulating professors, teachers and students. Particular attention should be paid to the humanities and social studies. For as natural science was the issue and the solvent at the ending of the medieval age, just now—within the Soviet bloc especially—it is the social studies and the humanities which could readily become the most socially fruitful area of controversy. In fact, only by stressing these human realms of curiosity and imagination and inquiry can the underdeveloped societies hope to avoid in their industrialization the inhuman features of the overdeveloped—and the overdeveloped countries themselves get on the track of proper development. Any answer to the problems of the world encounter, in short, requires us seriously to recognize the convergence of overdevelopment in each of the two leading actors; to evaluate the kinds of human beings which their types of development select and form; and jointly to confront the problems they pose from the continually debated standpoint of a world of properly developing societies.

4. THE UNITED STATES Government has quite consistently revealed an enormous fear of increased contact between its citizens and those of the Soviet bloc. The silly and insulting laws concerning fingerprinting and visas in general ought to be abolished forthwith. It should be as convenient legally for anyone in the world to visit the United States for six months or so as it now is for a citizen of West Germany to visit Italy, or a Swede to go to Britain. Correspondingly, all associations and individuals of the United States who wish to go anywhere in the world ought to be energetically helped to do so by their government. The general aim, which all specific policy and action should serve, is a world without visas.

5. UNDER THE auspices of the U.N., the United States should press for and offer to share fully the costs of: (a) an international fleet of airliners for the use of scientists, intellectuals and artists at or below cost; and (b) the construction and maintenance of a network of simple but comfortable International Centers around the world, close by universities and libraries and laboratories, containing restaurants and sleeping quarters, multi-lingual stenographic pools and conference rooms of various sizes. Residence for reasonable periods of time at these centers should be available to cultural workmen of all nationalities. And as the network expands, qualifications for admission should be relaxed.

6. WASHINGTON should at once remove all security and loyalty restrictions on scientific work and invite qualified scientists from anywhere on the globe to participate in it. It is surely obvious that Russians have little to learn from Americans about the focal point of military science. But it is even more obvious that each group has much to learn from the other, and from all other scientific communities. It is now reasonable to suppose that a completely free interchange of information, technique, theory—when freely focused upon the industrial problems of the world—would just now result in a wondrous series of advances.

7. THE U.S. Government should immediately encourage the training of science-writers, of all nationalities, who would be capable of carrying out a large-scale educational program: what actually goes on in "science"; what it is about; what sort of projects are under way and why. Above all, these writers should be given the chance to soak themselves in the classic ethos of science: its rules of open communication and independent dissent; its tolerance based on respect for reason; its habit of truth and of fearless observation; its demands for careful proof and its invitation to audacious speculation. For it is in this creative ethos of science and not in the gadgets of technology that the important ethical meanings of science must be sought. To make that ethics plain and to diffuse it, the serious and wonderful skills of the mass media of communication, now so largely unused or diverted to the wasteful trivialities of commercial propaganda, should be mobilized and refocused.

8. OVER THE next twelve months or so, the United States Government should seek to remove all scientific research and development, directly or indirectly relevant to the military, from the private economy. The aim should be ultimately to restrict all science and technology of any consequence to public and civilian institutions. In brief, what is needed is a public Science Machine, subject to public control. And as a government, Washington should let no contracts of a scientific character to any private corporation.

The principal reason for this is the old-fashioned democratic one: the simple fact that "science" is now of such public consequence that the public must be made responsible for its support and its uses. There is an additional practical reason for such a policy: the wasteful costs of maintaining a Science Machine on a subsidized capitalist basis, half-private, half-public, split up among three armed services each with its own corporate connections and contracts.

Surely no sensible man could now object to this proposal by references to the general inefficiency and stupidity of "bureaucrats" in contrast with the efficiency and "know-how" of "businessmen." Or on the grounds that free enterprise and a free-enterprise government are necessary conditions for all scientific advance and industrial progress. Among the Russians in charge of missiles, rocketry and all the little moons, there's not a single American businessman or free-enterprising manager; they are all "a bunch of Communistic bureaucrats" working under "a Red dicta-

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torship" in a society only forty years removed from peasant, feudal backwardness. The truth, known to any close observer of the higher circles in America, is that most high-up American businessmen are more often than not industrially incompetent.

9. THE U.S. Government should at once cease all further production of "extermination" weapons—all A- and H-bombs and nuclear warheads included. And it should announce the size of its present stockpile, along with a schedule for reducing it or converting it, so far as is technically possible, to devices for peacetime uses.

10. THE Government should abandon all military bases and installations outside the continental domain of the United States. It is easy to see why the Russians consider these bases as aggressive and provocative. It is as if, from the American viewpoint, Soviet bases of similar type encircled the North American continent. Examine a map of the world, projected from the North Polar region, and on it, around the Western Hemisphere, locate Korea, Arabia, Japan, etc., and the point becomes immediately obvious: Bermuda, Jamaica, the tip of Alaska would be equivalent Soviet strategic-bomber bases.

11. THE U.S. Government should encourage European nations once more to take the initiative in world history, to be the innovators, by unilaterally and immediately disarming. These nations should renounce the whole idea of peace-by-power-of-retaliation. They should realize that their countries are now the "forward positions" of the U.S. nuclear thrust; that they are "zeroed in" as among the first targets of the Soviet thrust; that they have little, if any, power of decision over the initial blow that could end Europe as a place of human habitation; and that such a blow might well fall through human error or accident. Were I British or German or Danish, I should demand that my government "contract out" of NATO in its present form; I should certainly demand that the U.S. not be allowed to place in my territory launching bases for intermediate-range missiles; and I should encourage the view that the only sensible defense today is a citizens' army of riflemen. I should demand that the United States and the USSR help to "de-polarize" the world. I should accept the fact of the Oder-Neisse line as Poland's Western border. I should demand of the United States and of the USSR that both NATO and the Warsaw Pact be abandoned and that the armed forces of America be withdrawn from Europe and those of the USSR to behind their own borders. The general aim of a European settlement should include the amalgamation of the European economies, and the establishment of a politico-military status for the continent at a point somewhere between Sweden's and Austria's. I am aware that in any free reunification of Germany, East Germany would undoubtedly disappear, but this loss ought not to be taken too seriously by the Soviets were it to come about as part of a general European settlement of the sort I am suggesting. The Soviets have as much or more to gain from such a settlement as do Europe and America.

12. THE U.S. Government should accept the Russian proposal for an embargo on all arms shipments to the Middle East; the two powers should jointly guarantee all frontiers in the area; at the same time, with any European nations that want to cooperate, they should undertake a regional development program there along the lines of the one which Israel has been attempting. For this purpose, the oil wealth of the area should be used; and in the process, U.N. forces should be used, if necessary, against the feudal rulers of the area, and where other means fail, to expropriate oil corporations irrespective of nationality.

"WHAT DO I HITCH MY WAGON TO?"

13. THE U.S. Government should at once recognize the existence of China and of all other Communist-type states; and it should seek to bring these into the world-wide economic, educational programs indicated above. This should be done not only because it is perilous not to recognize stable facts when they exist, not only because the world cannot be stabilized in peace without their inclusion, but because without what the peoples of China and India have to offer, the world is too poor to get along properly.

14. THE U.S. Government should announce some such program to the world unilaterally, one big item every other day, beginning at once and in plain language. And the start should be made now. Until the sequence of announcements is completed, the U.S. Government should not respond officially to inquiries from any other nation. *After* the announcements and actions are underway, it should earnestly seek meetings with the Russians, with or without other nations present.

The scheduling of the program should, of course, be subject to these negotiations. But *first* the program must be announced as a whole and gotten under way. For that is the way to break the deadlock. Mr. Dulles recently asserted that he cannot negotiate disarmament with all the nations of the U.N.; he is certainly reluctant to do so with only one. Here are two good reasons for tossing him out and replacing him with someone who is not so statistically inhibited. The point is not the composition or size of any one negotiating group. You make a beginning with the powers that be; you modify the power and its distribution by expanding the negotiating group.

Publicly and privately, the Rus-

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sians should be invited and re-invited to join in each of the efforts I have described, as well as in other projects which I am neither knowledgeable nor imaginative enough to state.

The U.S. Government should now actively seek to evolve joint development plans—technical, economic and cultural—inside each bloc, as well as among the so-called uncommitted peoples. It should, for example, strive for an exchange next year with the Soviet bloc of as many university students as facilities permit. Fifty thousand, within three years, is a suitable goal.

LET US HAVE no nonsense about where the money is coming from. That old joke of utopian capitalism is no longer funny. The world is full of men and women; it is full of natural resources and wondrous sources of power. What is needed is the human skill and the political will to set up a new beginning. It is far less a question of money than of the kind of imagination that is at once technical and moral; the kind of mind which thinks technologically rather than in business terms. The sheer waste and fat of the overdeveloped society of the United States is by itself enough to get started on. Consider the progressive stopping up of the military rat holes of the world, the socialization of the scientific and technical apparatus of society and its world-wide release for the tasks of the human community — in half-a-generation, we could be well on our way. The kind of problems we should then confront would be intellectually more difficult than those we now face, but we should be in a position to confront them within a more or less human world; and we should be able, with good reason, to hope that failure to solve them the first or second or third time we tried, would not get us blown off the earth.

I do not suppose that my proposals will be acted upon this week by the power élite of the United States. The anachronistic minds will not come to attention; Dulles will not be tossed out in disgrace; the President will not be briefed. The small circles in East and West which control the internecine devices will not be made responsible to any large public; their preparations will go on, with much secrecy, punctuated by threat and boast; their policies will not be put to any genuinely democratic test. There will be much talk of responsible leadership, but doctrinaire and murderous rigidity will cause no ruin of reputations. The generals will go on getting ready for what they call "the big game," assuming that they are merely doing their duty in the traditional way. The mass media will pour out their gallows' humor; everyone will be very busy, their minds dominated by the commodity-ethos of the overdeveloped society. Who the hell cares about India and China and all that anyway?—we got a new-model car to get out, just different enough in looks to make junk of last year's.

From their standpoint, proposals of the sort suggested here for discussion are indeed utopian, expensive, idealistic, unsound and, for all I know, traitorous. For the metaphysics of this élite, like that of Russia's, is the military metaphysics, and such imagination as its members possess is quite captured by military technology. We are at a curious juncture in the history of human insanity: in the name of realism, men are quite mad; and precisely what they call utopian is now the only condition of human survival. Utopian action is survival action; realistic, sound, commonsense, practical actions are now the actions of madmen and idiots. And yet these men decide; these men are honored, each in his closed-up nation, as the wise and responsible leaders of our time who are doing the best they can under trying circumstances. Is it their fault that their best is not going to be good enough? Is it their fault that they've a trained incapacity to do what now ought to be done? Is it their fault that the system in which they have succeeded, and over which they fumblingly rule, is a system of semi-organized irresponsibility?

I THINK they will go on to the end. Soon no doubt the little Red moons will be joined by others, some of them white and blue. What banner will the Americans fly from their Sputnik? What message will its cheerless little beeps send out? And will there be men to hear it?

AN ANGLE ON SOME "SQUARES".. *by David Cort*

Philadelphia

ORDINARY PEOPLE who don't know what public-relations experts actually do are not half-witted; public-relations experts don't exactly know either. At the tenth national conference of the Public Relations Society of America, held in Philadelphia November 18 - 20, everybody was looking for answers and the typical sentence ended with a question mark. Thus, one speaker (The Texas Company): "Are we a beneficial force in modern society? Are we cocky, presumptuous, smug? Have we too much faith in the loftiness of our profession? What do we mean by 'the engineering of consent?' Do we really create giants out of pygmies? Are we just a fringe benefit for management? Do we stand too low on the management totem-pole? Why is our field more difficult to evaluate than any other?" The speaker, scratching his nose helplessly between riddles, gave no real answers. The cumulative impression was that he did not even ask the right questions.

Another speaker (an independent) courageously demanded that Public Relations make up its mind whether it is a profession, a craft, an art —

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or nothing, and suggested a vote on whether its practitioners should be licensed by government like doctors, registered by a self-governing body like craftsmen, or let alone like artists. The vote broke into about equal thirds on the three choices.

Such soul-searchings struck me as funny at first. And then I realized that they are not typically a symptom of hollow futility, but on the contrary the growing pains of a cause that senses its own real potential and wants to straighten out its soul while there is still time.

Public Relations was, before the Second World War, a small, pretentious phenomenon all but localized in Manhattan and Washington, D. C. It has become the great international monster, PR (an ellipsis that seemed to offend the conference members), only in the last ten years. I suspect it of growing out of the spirit of the American war effort and postwar situation, which was suffused with PR righteousness. The growth of PR is still unofficial; it is still not listed as a separate activity by the Census Bureau, but lumped along with telephone-answering services, armored cars, nurses, collection agencies, artists and writers as "miscellaneous business services." The estimate of a conference speaker was that there are now 100,000 Americans engaged in PR, and that they spend about two billion dollars a year. The great majority are in the PR departments of corporations, government agencies, the armed services, universities, foundations, etc. They are recruited from the press and entertainment business, from government, from business and straight from the business schools; and most of them have to make up their rules as they go along. Mostly they work in isolation, heard but not seen.

And here at the Hotel Sheraton in Philadelphia, I found myself in the midst of a flock of a thousand of them, like a naturalist who wakes from a nap on the prairie and finds himself surrounded by whooping cranes.

Peering cautiously about, I looked for the PR type of Madison Avenue grandee, the overpowering personality seeking whom he could devour. Nothing like that was visible. These were unpretentious, friendly, unspectacular people, and spoke an English I understood. The word for them would be "square" — meaning, for the benefit of future generations, simple, provincial and insensitive to the esoterica of the "hipsters," those cultists of suffering, defeat or lunacy. They were not over-eager to introduce themselves, but happy when they felt it was all right.

A suspicion was growing in me, and to confirm it, I repaired to the list of conference registrations. Of about 750 then listed, hardly 25 per cent were from the supposed capital of PR, New York City. Such supposed captains of the industry as Ben Sonnenberg and Earl Newsom were not listed at all, nor, so far as I saw, were any of their employees. There were solid blocks from Chicago, Los Angeles, Texas, St. Louis, but not many from Detroit or Cleveland. What, no PR in Peoria?

Quite in line with this general character was the fact that the PR elder statesman present was Pendleton Dudley, a gentle old firebrand whose career was made when he let a married couple use his garage to start a new magazine that turned out to be *Reader's Digest*. Though his PR firm is in New York, he is as kindly and "square" as a country parson.

THE complete absence of the Madison Avenue tone, even the ignoring of the profit motive, the sense of a conceptual structure that everybody understood but nobody could define, all suggested something that I knew was familiar but that I could not isolate, perhaps because it was unexpected. The words were clear enough: "Statism will eventually take over . . . unless the Public Relations concept can be incorporated into the life-stream of business. . . . The effective Public Relations advisor to business must realize that he has chosen the path of personal obscurity." At that point I almost had it. The profession, the speaker went on, is not "a front for a kept group of well-paid hucksters. I have seen . . . it lead its clients' corporate businesses out of the wilderness of vanity and arrogance [What? A Bolshevik? Here?] into the meadow of humility and modesty. . . . "

The above simply cannot be dismissed as hot air. It is talking about a real situation, with a mysterious *plus*. Read it over. At some point you will realize, more quickly than I did, that this is not business; it is religion. The Bible says the same things a hundred or a thousand times, of course somewhat better. St. Paul speaks to the Corinthians again; the Old Testament is more abusive.

WHAT IS THE real situation? At its most acceptable level, it is clear in a comparison of the English Tory, who loves England, with the American Republican businessman who is drafted into government. The American is the more able in his business; and an utter incompetent in government. We had to learn it in the 1920s (shades of Mellon!); now we have in the Department of Defense first General Motors, and now Procter & Gamble. My fraternity magazine tells me that this latter comes out of promotion and advertising. If PR can give these fellows religion, it deserves ecclesiastical status at once. The speakers I heard were not generally willing to accept lip-service; they demanded real conversions from management.

I am not religious, and so I can ask whether the PR religion will be as useless to us as Christianity was to ancient Rome. Big business might wonder, too, whether the PR saints are to be the martyrs of the Colosseum, the converters of the barbarians, the witnesses of the Sack of Rome, the builders of the new chivalry, the monks who chided the knights and led them on new crusades. But since both business and PR are thinking only of this world, not the next, there is no real compulsion to repeat the old sad history of Rome, or of the Church Fathers.

The people at Philadelphia were not lured into dialectics. They were reminded of the hope of a better world, of the Communist devil, of the need for self-struggle and humility, the command to spread the Word at any cost, and the promise of nothing but pain, poverty, virtue and maybe glory.

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Any new religion in industrial America must have university seminaries. The same speaker quoted above cited Stanford, Harvard, Texas and Maryland universities, and San Jose State College, for pioneering work in PR. Lovejoy's *College Guide* gives a rather different list of institutions offering PR courses: Iowa, Ohio, Boston, Syracuse and American universities and, in New York City, New York University and The New School for Social Research.

It may be that PR will still find its intellectual source in Manhattan, though not precisely along Madison Avenue.

A sharp test of this supposed PR morality was provided me when, among a group of thirty simultaneous seminars, I noticed one entitled, "How to Handle the 'Bad' Story." Not only the public relations exposed in the newspapers, but the private relations of individuals, are heavy with "bad stories." All life is a "bad story" from which only philosophers can extract the ultimate "good story," for indeed everybody is killed. This meeting would be the place to find out whether PR was anything more than a midnight burier of bodies, a plausible mortician wiping his hands with formaldehyde and pieties. That word "handle" bracketed with "bad" was enough to wake a witch. I woke.

The group-leader (Westinghouse) impressed me at once by saying that he had recently had to handle three "bad stories." The old-style, or Ben Sonnenberg, type of public-relations man could not have brought these words out of his mouth, but this man did it very easily, and the others shook their heads ruefully. They all had worse tales to tell than he. Oh, they respected *his* sack-cloth, but listen to this. . . . The normal procedure of these PR people, if one could believe them, had been to give the company's side of the story to the press, document it, look for friendly spokesmen, try to inject some reasonable perspective and then sit back and take whatever came out in print. In cases where the reporter had seemed flagrantly unfair—and the examples given were reasonably plausible—the PR representative had made his protest directly to the reporter, not to his editor. There had been no policy of demanding retractions, withdrawing advertising, getting writers fired.

Nearly all the PR people present confirmed the foolishness of getting mad at the press. Even the writer could not safely be attacked; the columnist (Pegler and Pearson were named in lowered voices) was dynamite; the editorial page was untouchable. There was full knowledge that editors bridle at interference, and can reopen a fight every day from ten different directions. Any attempt at suppression is the quick way to make headlines. The airlines have adopted the policy of getting a fatal crash story into all the papers quickly; that way it's out of the papers quickly too.

The "square" PR attitude seems to be that a really bad story, like a case of industrial irradiation, the drowning of small boys in an excavation pool or, the recent classic, the linking of General Electric with the call-girl madame, Nella Bogart, has to be allowed to run its course.

For what it is worth, nearly everyone had a grievance against *Time* magazine; the only other offenders were, of all things, the *Wall Street Journal,* and a scheduled story in *Woman's Day.*

A few voices spoke up, on the other hand, for suppression of news. As it happened, these were in every case ex-newspapermen. An oil company man who had blanketed news of a strike gave his opinion that it is easy to outwit, outpunch and outmaneuver the trade-union boys (in his case, an independent union).

With these exceptions, the sense of the meeting was impressively decent, considering that these people, the "squares" of the industry, were responsible to managements that would prefer to win all their battles. The "hipster" breed is another matter.

THE WASTE of SCIENTISTS . . *by L. V. Heilbrunn*

DURING THE PAST few months there has been an increasing demand for improvement in American science. We are told that the Russians are training many more scientists than we are and that, perhaps, their young scientists receive better instruction than do ours. In a world in which national supremacy and national survival depend to such a large extent on scientific superiority, this is indeed a serious matter.

What is to be done? Spokesmen for science and influential legislators are demanding that the government spend more money in support of science; an all-out effort is being made to attract our intelligent young men and women into scientific careers.

Thus far all the planning has been done by various prominent citizens in and out of science. Might it not be wise to consult to a greater extent the laboratory scientists, the men primarily responsible for scientific advances?

No one scientist can hope to know more than his own particular field, and anything I have to say concerns primarily the field of biology and physiology. Herein I have, perhaps, a right to express an opinion, for as far as I know, I have trained more biologists and physiologists than anyone else now actively engaged in teaching, and many of the men I trained are now leaders in the field.

In the first place, we biologists do not feel that our science is inferior to that of the Russians'; indeed we

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believe that it is vastly superior. And we think, too, that applied biology—medical science, for example—is in a much better state in America than it is in Russia. We sometimes wonder why the fact of this superiority in "peaceful" science has not been used as a basis for counter-propaganda.

But though the United States may be superior in various sciences concerned more with human betterment than with human destruction, there is certainly room for improvement. And money alone will not solve the problems involved. It is true that two billion dollars produced the atom bomb. But two billions, or even ten billions, might not produce a cure for cancer, especially if the money were not wisely spent. Great advances in science are made by men with ability and imagination. We scientists are—or should be—creative workers. If you were to give a would-be poet a million dollars to write sonnets equal to those of Shakespeare, there is but an infinitesimal chance that he would succeed. And if millions or billions of dollars of cancer money are given to men without ideas or understanding, it is very doubtful if success can be obtained.

ASK ANY working biologist about how money is now spent in support of scientific effort and he is very likely to be critical. Never has so much money been spent with so little return. The men on the committees or panels which allocate the funds are on the whole sincere and honest. But they are human and often enough they give large sums to their friends or to each other. I could cite many instances in which many thousands of dollars have been allocated to workers who, instead of advancing science, have published erroneous results that have retarded progress.

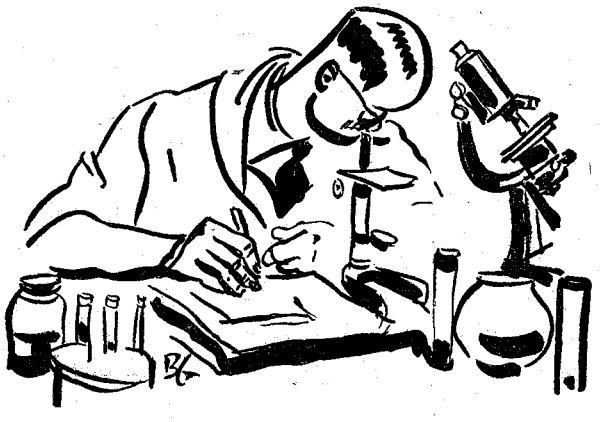
Not long ago a man whom I had trained applied for a grant of $45,000 from a governmental agency interested in the study of cancer. The proposed research was at best only vaguely related to cancer, but because it was in a field in which I have achieved prominence, I was asked to pass judgment on it. I found the proposal unworthy and the applicant guilty of overstatement and misstatement; I expressed the opinion that he was not capable of carrying on properly the work he wanted to do. The panel examining the proposal suggested that the applicant be given only a part of the funds requested; yet, in the end, the $45,000 request was approved in full. Apparently my former student had been successful in making friends in high places. As a result, after he had started on his work, I had to take time from my own cancer studies to straighten him out, losing the better part of a month in the effort. This is by no means an isolated case. A month or two ago, a leading authority in the field of photosynthesis told me that although he had strongly criticized an application for research in his field which had been submitted to him for review, the applicant, whom he called a "swindler," got the money he asked for.

The sad thing about all this is not the fact that some thousands or perhaps even some millions of dollars are wasted, but that sincere, hard-working biologists who are dedicating their lives to laboratory research, lose out and to some extent are ploughed under. To these honest workers it is discouraging to see the rewards that accrue to flatterers, overstaters and even charlatans. Once a man gets sufficient funds, he can hire young men to do his work for him; he can hire not only skills but often brains as well. I have heard a successful scientific promoter and politician, a man of little scientific achievement but nevertheless the recipient of vast sums of money, urge publicly that young investigators be trained to be "slick operators." Young scientists are learning that "it pays to advertise" even at a risk of absolute honesty. To some extent Madison Avenue has moved in.

And worst of all there never has been a time when so much power has been in the hands of men who long since have abandoned active participation in scientific inquiry for the field of scientific politics. Years ago the influential leaders in the field of biology were men of great achievement and splendid character. Now, to some extent at least, the "leaders"—the men who wield great power and can influence the allocation of research funds—are cordially hated by the active workers in the field. It is not too much to say that some are, in a sense, petty racketeers.

If the situation in biology is not healthy, I have reason to believe that in what concerns military effort, the situation may in some areas be even worse. Some of my former students who tried to do research in military establishments found themselves under the control of Army and Navy men who had little understanding of the ways of science. Apparently the curricula at West Point and Annapolis are somewhat lacking in this respect. When the atom bomb was developed, one of the leaders of the scientific team which produced it was quoted as saying that he thought that the general in charge had not delayed the successful outcome by more than six months. I have heard even harsher criticism.

What we need in this country is a better understanding of science on the part of those who control its destinies. With a greater awareness of our deficiencies, perhaps there may be improvement.



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WHO WILL MAKE the MISSILES? . . by Al Toffler

SPUTNIK'S EFFECT on the politics and mentality of America will be profound. But its impact on the economy will be no less important. As a spokesman for a major aircraft and missile company told me a few days ago, "The boys are going to be jumping all over themselves to see who'll get in the first bill to increase funds for missiles and manned aircraft after Congress reconvenes." There were no perceptible tears streaming from his eyes as he spoke.

The remark dramatizes the fact that no segment of our economy has more at stake than the aircraft industry in the explosive events triggered by the Sputniks. The industry's powerful lobby is aware of both its responsibilities and its opportunities. Current events are going to shake the industry and force at least a conditional settlement in the sputtering feud among the nation's three military services. If the showdown is to be resolved rationally, on the basis of achieving the best defense for the smallest dollar, the military issues must not be obscured by the internal needs of a single industry or a single military service, no matter how vocal.

To understand the stake of the aircraft and missile-makers in all this, a few statistics are in order. The industry consists of many companies, but it is substantially dominated by thirteen: Bell, Boeing, Curtiss-Wright, Douglas, General Dynamics (Convair), Grumman, Lockheed, Martin, McDonnell, North American, Northrop, Republic and United Aircraft. In 1956, the industry sold $9,496,000,000 worth of goods, an annual turnover exceeded only twice during World War II: in 1943 and 1944. Over 75 per cent of the total was sold to a single customer, the Department of Defense; and of this, most went to the Air Force, although some went also to the Army and Navy. (The Navy's air arm, incidentally, is the third biggest air force in the world; only the United States and Soviet air forces are larger.)

As of March, 1957, six of the above companies—Grumman, McDonnell, Martin, North American, Northrop and Republic—were devoted virtually 100 per cent to filling military orders. The other major firms ranged in degree of dependence on the military from about 60 to 95 per cent. Between October, 1950, and May, 1957, the thirteen companies, in view of their defense nature, received from the government a total of 573 certificates granting rapid amortization privileges on $370,000,000. The Hebert subcommittee in the House reported in 1956 that twelve of the firms were using $895,000,000 worth of government-owned plants, machine tools and equipment, compared with their own total private investment of $394,000,000 (a large part of which represented retained profits).

THE WAR NATURE of the industry was capsuled simply by the Hebert subcommittee: "There is not enough commercial business in this country *nor in the world* to justify the utilization of all the facilities now 'in being.'" (Emphasis added.)

Representative Martha Griffiths (D.-Mich.), a former defense procurement officer in Detroit, referring to the firms which do nothing but military work, told her colleagues: "They—the management, and the employees and, to the extent they participate, the stockholders of these companies—are just as much federal employees as you are or as I am. Every dime that they are paid comes from the taxpayers' money." In view of this, she said, the government, in determining prices it was ready to pay, ought to scrutinize closely the profits and remuneration of aircraft companies and their officials. She had in mind that North American, for instance, in 1955, had paid its president a nice round $147,000 in salary and extras and had paid its chairman $201,000.

The six companies dependent exclusively on government contracts paid out $694,000 to their six presidents in 1955, not including stock options and dividends. The remuneration of their top executives, including presidents and board chairmen, totaled $3,468,000. And the total paid out in this fashion by the thirteen companies whose work is principally for Uncle Sam came to $9,838,000. Evidently air-industry executives are the highest paid "federal employees" in the history of the nation.

As for profits, in 1956 twelve of the big thirteen made a net, after taxes, of $156,000,000, according to the Aircraft Industries Association. This was the third best year on record for the industry—five times as much as was made in the Korean War year 1951 and almost twice the net profits of 1952. Such statistics are admittedly slippery; but these are industry figures, and possibly conservative.

Employment in the industry has risen from 237,700 in 1948 to about 900,000 today. This makes the industry the nation's biggest private employer, with almost 5 per cent of the country's total manufacturing work force on its payroll.

STATISTICS ASIDE, the fact of key significance about the aircraft industry is the intimacy of its relationship with the Air Force, its biggest customer. The two are almost parts of an organic whole. Liaison between them occurs on many levels. Company salesmen beat a well-scuffed path to the Pentagon. Airpower organizations provide numerous forums for social and business contacts. Even more important is the startling osmosis of Air Force brass into the company hierarchies. General Ira C. Eaker, formerly vice-president of the Hughes Tool Co., recently moved over to the Douglas

AL TOFFLER, former labor reporter, is a newspaperman specializing in the Washington scene. This is the second and concluding article by Mr. Toffler on the airpower lobby.

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Aircraft Corp. Convair is headed by General Joseph T. McNarney. Boeing and Convair each at one time reportedly had sixty-seven retired officers on their payrolls. The Martin Co. has had at least fourteen. (*See The Brass-and-Gold Era, by Matthew Josephson,* The Nation, *January 21, 1956.*) The Hebert subcommittee in 1956 charged that "the presence of retired military personnel on payrolls, fresh from the 'opposite side of the desk', creates a doubtful atmosphere." The Congressmen were chiefly concerned with the influence such men could wield on procurement. But there is another, more important and more dangerous, aspect. The purchasing done by the Air Force depends to a great extent on its underlying military philosophy, its strategic outlook. Theoretically, men in uniform determine basic policy subject to the general approval of civilian authority. But the osmosis process raises the question to what extent Air Force policy is molded by ex-officers whose outlook is colored by interests of the companies they serve.

LIBERALS HAVE long felt that the presence of businessmen in key government posts has frequently resulted in harm to the public interest. Right now a House subcommittee, under liberal leadership, is exploring the reverse situation (a parallel of which exists today in the aircraft industry): the employment by industry of former commissioners and other top personnel of the independent regulatory agencies. In many of these agencies, it is possible for a man to leave his job as a commissioner and within twenty-four hours, to appear as counsel before the commission in behalf of a regulated industry.

If the influence of industry on government policy in civilian areas is a continuing source of concern, is not the possibility of similar influence on military policy even more alarming? This is not a charge that military policy has been determined by the aircraft industry. Nor does it impute conscious selfishness or lack of patriotism to the industry and its hired generals. It is, however, a suggestion that the unique relationship between the industry and the Air Force not only makes possible, but actively encourages, the exercise of private influence. What's more, the stakes are high.

THESE, THEN, are the essential characteristics of the aircraft industry: low investment, low working capital, high remuneration for executives, direct dependence on military purchasing, intimacy with a particular branch of the armed forces, dependence on a variety of federal subsidies, absorption of military personnel, interest in strategic policy. Its two major problems are (1) disarmament and (2) the rise of the missile.

When Germany first began pouring V-2 rockets upon Britain in World War II, military men were impressed. But they considered the missiles an expensive way to deliver a small warhead. It wasn't until the genius of humanity had produced nuclear weapons that it became "economical" to invest heavily in such complex delivery systems as are required by missiles.

Ever since, the handwriting has been on the wall for the fliers and manufacturers of manned aircraft. Industry and Air Force spokesmen tend to sneer at Khrushchev's post-Sputnik description of manned aircraft as museum pieces. They speak in terms of producing at least one more "generation" of long-range, manned bombers. But no one should understand better than they how rapidly aeronautical technology changes. As *Look* magazine put it not long ago, "The death rattle is in the throat of the flying Air Force."

For the industry, this has posed critical issues—and especially for the makers of tactical fighters and bombers, since these appear to be destined for quickest obsolescence. In simple terms, the industry's problem is how to capture complete, irrevocable and unchallengeable control over missile-making.

The proportion of Air Force spending on guided missiles has risen steadily. In fiscal 1951, it was less than 1 per cent of the total spent for aircraft procurement. By 1952 it rose to 4 per cent; a year later, to 12 per cent. In fiscal 1957, according to the latest estimates, it was 20.3 per cent and it was expected to be 35 per cent by 1959, according to a 1956 estimate by the Aircraft Industries Association. With today's Sputnik furor as a propellant, the missile proportion of total military spending should streak heavenward much faster than expected.

The aircraft firms are not merely fighting for contracts to develop, partially produce and assemble missiles; they are reaching out into related areas. North American, for example, has moved into the manufacture of rocket fuel, and its Rocketdyne division already accounts for 18 per cent of sales. Another area of interest is the electronics industry, which is responsible for about 50 per cent of the cost of any missile as opposed to 35 per cent of the cost of a plane. The industry, accordingly, has prospered on subcontracted work from the aircraft industry, and as the president of the Radio-Electronics-Television Manufacturers Association said last spring, "The ceiling is not in sight." Now, however, aircraft companies are also reaching into electronics.

THE aircraft industry is in transition, and Wall Street analysts, ever sensitive to shifting industrial patterns, expect a "shakeout." The number of firms will be smaller, and those which remain will be bigger. Last year a quarter-million workers for small, scattered subcontractors produced nearly a billion dollars worth of goods and services for planes and missile-makers. According to the *Wall Street Journal,* these "corporate satellites" are already being squeezed

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as the giant aircraft firms go increasingly into the "parts" business. And the squeeze will tighten in the months ahead.

In the race for missile work the aircraft manufacturers see no major competition from any other industry. Even the electronics industry hardly falls into the competitive category; as long as the aircraft makers remain the prime contractors, they can control the degree of subcontracting. What the industry fears is competition from the government as represented by the tendency of the Army and the Navy Bureau of Ordnance (but not the Navy Bureau of Aeronautics) to place contracts with non-profit institutions like universities, or to assign projects to government-operated arsenals using government employees.

It was industry disapproval of this trend that lay behind the furious battle over the Air Force's Thor missile as against the Army's Jupiter. This, in turn, formed the backdrop of the court-martial of Army Colonel John Nickerson.

Jupiter was developed by the Army at Redstone Arsenal in Huntsville, Alabama. Component parts were made by aircraft companies, but if the missile ever goes into production, it will be built not by an aircraft company but by Chrysler. Meanwhile, the normally highly lucrative development work and the overall supervision were performed by government employees rather than privately-employed workers. In contrast, the comparable Thor is being developed for the Air Force by Douglas Aircraft.

IT WAS NOT surprising, therefore, that a fever-pitch propaganda battle developed over the two missiles. Air Force supporters opened a campaign to discredit Dr. Wernher von Braun, the Army's German missile expert. *Aviation Week*, one of the industry's chief publications, in mid-September attacked the Army for a "vicious" campaign against the Air Force. At the same time, General Orval Cook, head of the Aircraft Industries Association, insisted that the "government arsenal has outlived its usefulness." Moreover, Cook told newsmen, the universities should stick to teaching and basic research, leaving development work for industry.

Advocates of the arsenal, however, point out that research and development are the fuzziest of all cost items. By doing some of both at arsenals, it is possible for the government to gain some notion of the real cost factors involved. In effect, the arsenal can function as a yardstick.

The controversy also revealed the increasing importance of research and development from a financial point of view. The industry is not kicking up a squall about peanuts; big money is involved. It is estimated that the Department of Defense this year will spend over five billion dollars for research and development. However, only about 40 per cent of this sum is directly appropriated; the rest of the amount is scattered through other budgetary compartments. The result is that concrete figures are hard to pin down. Even the A.I.A. isn't sure of the size of the nugget involved. The organization is making conditional use of a partial breakdown issued last September by the National Science Foundation, which shows that of the identifiable $2,000,000,000 which the Defense Department will obligate for research and development in fiscal 1958, nearly $1.3 billion will be spent on projects handled intramurally or by non-profit agencies.

This is a rise of almost $400,000,000 since 1955 in expenditures withheld from private enterprise. The A.I.A. believes that there are additional millions hidden away in less identifiable appropriations. In all, the A.I.A. scents a minimum of around a billion dollars which could be smoked out by its members if the Army and the Navy were as cooperative as the Air Force.

A DECADE of intimate association with an "understanding" Air Force has given the aircraft industry a stake in the outcome of the continuing inter-service warfare. Congressman George Mahon (D.-Tex.) set this rivalry in its proper perspective last spring when he told his colleagues:

> Able and ambitious officers have devoted their careers to one of the three services. Will they have a place in the sun in the 1960s or will their careers go into decline? The present assumption is that any service which fails to have a part in the utilization of intermediate range and intercontinental ballistic missiles will be relegated to a lesser role. . . . The stakes are high. . . . The desperate struggle for power and position among the services is quite understandable, and real, and quite expensive and wasteful.

The conflict among the services revolves around this hard core of truth. But it is clothed in all kinds of strategic rationales. Thus the Air Force has taken the position that the nation cannot afford continued maintenance of strong "conventional forces" (read Army). General Twining has told the Senate that the country cannot have military forces for both "the old type of warfare plus those for atomic warfare . . . and our mind is made up." Certainly his mind is made up—and made up in favor of the Air Force.

The Army, seeing in all this a relentless diminution of its role, prestige and budget, counters with the sophisticated argument that reduction in conventional forces raises the "level of provocation" necessary before this country would respond militarily to defend its interests. We must, argue the Army theorists, be prepared to dole out retaliation in measured, and not merely in massive, doses.

THERE ARE many other points of conflict between the Air Force and its one-time parent, the Army. On a military-technical level, they focus on what kind of missiles the Army will be permitted to develop and use. Essentially, the Air Force argues that missiles are air weapons. They fly, don't they? The Army counters by noting that they are basically an extension of artillery, a traditional Army function.

Meanwhile, the Navy has its own air and seapower interests, which it is jealously guarding.

These may sound like questions which the generals and admirals ought to settle by themselves. However, they are questions which citizens in a democracy cannot shrug

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off or simply refer to the military men. The weapons involved are too big and too dangerous. The stakes affect everyone—including the aircraft industry. Any shift of "roles and missions" which gave the Army primary responsibility for missile warfare would make the Army, rather than the Air Force, the Number One customer of the aircraft industry. This would shatter all the business, personal, social, political and economic relationships which have grown up between the Air Force and the dozen or so key aircraft companies. From the industry's viewpoint, it would mean dealing with a service which has shown much less readiness to "cooperate." And it would render obsolete the services of all the Air Force officers recruited by the industry to do its bargaining.

IN SHORT, if the Air Force fails to come out on top in the inter-service Armageddon which is in the offing, the results could be very serious for the aircraft makers. So once again the industry finds it necessary to support the particular strategic reasoning of a single branch—to support, publicize, and perhaps to refine, stiffen or otherwise influence it.

Thoughtful aircraft men must recognize the dangers that grow out of this kind of relationship. The perils should be even more clear to outsiders. And as for remedies, perhaps the only real one is relaxation of world tensions and the planned replacement of arms production by something more constructive. Short of this, however, Congress and the people ought to give thought to the implications of the fact that the nation's biggest manufacturing industry is now a kind of mutant in our capitalist society, dependent almost solely on public funds for its day-to-day existence. To provoke this thoughtful concern has been the purpose of these articles.

LONG NIGHT'S JOURNEY . . *by Dan Wakefield*

"It is no good to be poor."
—Ricardo Sanchez, a Puerto Rican migrant

RICARDO SANCHEZ came from where the sugar cane is higher than a man to the plaza in old San Juan where the buses marked "Aeropuerto" stop. He came with his wife and two daughters and three suitcases and a paper bag and the promise from a brother in Harlem, New York City, that there was work to be found in "fabrica." The work in the sugar cane was over for the season and Ricardo had found nothing else. The government was prepared to pay him $7 every two weeks for thirteen weeks before the season began again, and then with the season he would get $3.60 a day for eight hours in the sun. He had done it before, as his fathers had done it, but this time he told himself he wanted something more. "It is," he said, "no good to be poor." His lean brown face was twisted in a grimace of disgust as he said the words, and remained that way, in the memory of poverty, slowly relaxing as he fingered the three fountain pens neatly clipped to the pocket of his new brown suit, and turned to face the dark from where the buses come.

Christopher Columbus, migrant by trade, stood by frozen in the stone of a statue, the accidental patron saint of the plaza that serves as a boarding place for those who go away. Even more practically, Columbus' weathered figure serves those who stay, for around it sit the old men who sit around the statues in the plazas of the world; these, by the chance of Columbus' mistaken discoveries (and Ponce de Leon's mistaken hopes), speaking the language of his creditor, the Queen. But the Queen is four centuries dead and the island's highest ruler is a President from Kansas—a place whose name and language is totally foreign to the old men who sit by the statue.

Their fathers before them were Indians here, called Borinquen; and Spanish followers of Ponce de Leon, seeker after gold and youth and captor of neither. His body is buried up the street. Their fathers were Negro slaves from Africa, brought here to fill the vacuum left when the Indians painfully vanished, by death and escape, from the Spaniards' rule. The Spaniards built great forts and repulsed the futile attacks of the French and the Dutch and Sir Francis Drake, and ruled until 1898. It was then, a year after Spain had finally granted the people of the island a form of self-government, that Admiral Sampson bombarded San Juan and General Nelson Miles led his troops to the island soil with the news that he brought "the advantages and blessings of enlightened civilization from the United States of America"—and the island again was a colony without self-rule. The old Spanish walls of the city were broken at last, and to the east of the plaza of Christopher Columbus, there stands today a building of the YMCA where there once stood one of the four city gates. The only gate remaining is used now not to keep enemies out but to draw tourists in. Across from the Alcaldia —the city hall—constructed by the Spanish in 1604, is The New York Department Store, proclaiming in Spanish a sale in which "Everything Goes." Below the grillwork balconies of the Old San Juan Bar and Grill, a sign in the window reads "Real Italian Pizza." A taxicab crawls through the narrow, stone streets like an insect caught in a maze, turning the high-walled corners with painstaking care. The city is quiet, and the old men who sit in the plaza seem unconcerned. Their fathers are gone and their sons are free to go.

For more than a century, the sons

DAN WAKEFIELD is a staff contributor. This is the third and concluding article by Mr. Wakefield based on a recent trip to Puerto Rico.

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have left the plazas and the dust-and-green towns of the interior to come to New York. Ricardo Sanchez is young, but his journey is old. The first Puerto Ricans came to New York in the early 1800s, along with other men of good hope from the underfed islands of the Caribbean who decided that "it is no good to be poor." From Cuba and Santo Domingo they came, from San Juan and Haiti and Jamaica. Some survived and others were lost, and in 1838 the men from Puerto Rico and Cuba who had managed to make themselves merchants of New York City organized a Spanish Benevolent Society for those of their brothers who had failed and were hungry.

Others went West, and by 1910 there were Puerto Ricans living in thirty-nine states of the union. Twenty years later, the people of the island were in every state, though the great majority were still in New York City. The journey North from the Caribbean became a regular route for those seeking something better (and having the money to make the search) and for most of the first half of the twentieth century an average of 4,000 came from Puerto Rico to the mainland every year.

NO ONE seemed to notice. It was not until after the Second World War that the quiet, steady migration became the great migration—the promise of the mainland suddenly expanding with more new jobs than ever before and the word passing on from relative to relative, friend to friend, employment recruiter to unemployed. There were 39,900 who came the first year the war was over, and by 1957 there were nearly 600,000 Puerto Ricans in New York City—a million expected by 1970—and 175,000 scattered through the rest of the mainland United States.

The journey had become not only more promising because of the market for jobs after World War II, but easier because of the airplanes that rose from San Juan airport and landed at Idlewild, New York, 1600 miles northwest up the ocean, in only eight hours. There were second-hand planes making unscheduled flights for $35—they could charge that price because they were paid off later by men from the States who came to Puerto Rico and charged "employment agent" fees that consumed life-savings sweated from sugar cane as payment for jobs in New York City that didn't exist. Some of the victims never knew, because they first became the victims of ill-equipped planes, several of which crashed in the Atlantic. After that the government outlawed the small, unscheduled airlines from making the San Juan-New York run.

Ricardo Sanchez, waiting in the dark for the bus marked "Aeropuerto," held for himself and his family tickets on the Eastern Airlines $52.50 night-coach flight to New York. It leaves six nights a week from San Juan at 11 o'clock and arrives the next morning at Idlewild airport at seven. No official airlines terminology distinguishes it from the other night-coach flight that costs $64, leaves a half-hour later and arrives two hours earlier. The cheaper flight is also the "night coach," but it is not recommended—or even suggested at the ticket counters—to non-Puerto Rican travelers. English-speaking people who ask about it are told that it is better to spend the extra money and go on the 11:30 p.m. flight.

There were only Puerto Ricans on the "Aeropuerto" bus that Ricardo Sanchez boarded in the plaza of Christopher Columbus. They stayed together when they reached the San Juan airport, checking in baggage and then joining friends and relatives and watchers in the crowd on the observation deck. When the flight was called, it was as if a troop plane were leaving for a war, or a group of refugees being shipped by necessity out of their native country. It is that way every night around 11 o'clock at the San Juan airport—the women crying and the men embracing them; the old people staring out of wrinkled, unperceiving faces and the young engrossed with the wonder rather than the pain of it; pressing up against the iron rail of the observation deck and squinting through the dark to watch the line of human travelers move as if drawn by a spell through the gate below and into the still silver plane that swallows them, closing silver on silver to complete itself, and then slowly moving away toward the dark.

INSIDE THE airplane, Ricardo Sanchez had seated his wife and one of his daughters on the left-hand, two-seat aisle, and taken his other daughter and himself across to the right in the three-seat row with a stranger. The flight was full, as these flights are nearly always full. The $52.50 night flights run by both Eastern and Pan American from San Juan to New York are booked for days in advance.

The plane was hot—hotter than the 75-degree weather outside—and many of the men, already sweating, had taken off their coats. A young, dark-skinned woman in an aqua silk dress was crying softly and fanning herself with the plastic "Ocupado" sign from the pocket in the seat in front of her. The stewardess appeared at the head of the aisle when the door was closed and gave a demonstration of how to put on a life-jacket in case of emergency, while the steward gave instructions, first in Spanish and then in English.

The engines began, swelled, and the plane crept forward. The woman in the aqua dress pressed her face against the porthole-style window, crying much louder now. The balcony of watchers grew smaller and darker, became a few white handkerchiefs waved in the night, and then was gone. Babies began to cry as the plane rose, moving above the red, white and green pinpoints strung geometrically and sparkling in the pattern of the city and suburbs of San Juan. In several minutes the dark had covered it. The no-smoking and safety-belt signs in the plane blinked off, the overhead lights went out, and only the small, individual reading lights above the seats were on. The babies stopped crying, and the temperature of the plane began to cool. Seats were pushed back, and soon the thin beams of light from the few remaining reading lights were thickened with cigarette smoke. The stewardess came by and asked Ricardo Sanchez if he wanted her to hang up his

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suitcoat. The stewardess did not speak Spanish and Ricardo, looking at her quizzically and smiling politely, clutched his coat when she reached for it and held it folded on his lap. He leaned his head back against the seat, folding his hands on his lap, and stared straight ahead, the view slightly tilted with the angle of the seat; his mouth in a tight, tentative smile. After a while he closed his eyes.

The dull, steady roar of the engine was the single sound, growing louder and fuller as other sounds stopped, until, in its constant drone and throb, the sound became no sound at all, but a part of the plane's suspended life. It became a sound again several hours later when the screams woke Ricardo Sanchez from his tilted sleep:

"Ay, Ay, *AYYY!*"

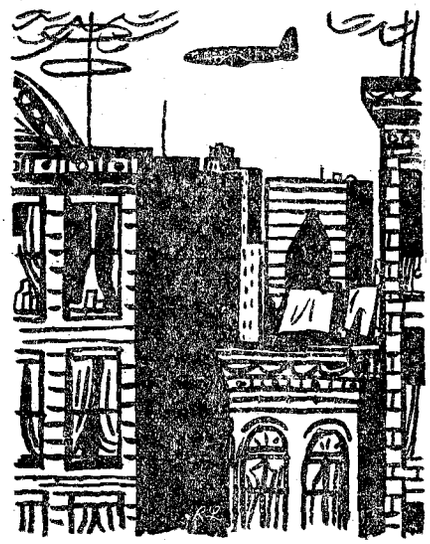
THE WOMEN screamed as the plane fell forward through the dark. The sound of the two engines heightened and throbbed. The plane leveled off from the drop, leaving the stomachs of the passengers with the sickening, overturned sensation that comes on a roller coaster during the sudden, steep descent. The steward hurried down the aisle with smelling salts.

Ricardo Sanchez leaned forward to look across the aisle at his wife. Her head was leaning across on her daughter, who sat in silence, her eyes widening to watch the steward stop by the seat and wave the smelling salts. Ricardo's mouth opened and his white teeth were clenched together as if he were being struck. He started up, but the safety belt was fastened on his waist. He looked at it a moment, then leaned back into his seat. The plane dipped again.

The steward stopped and explained to the only non-Puerto Rican passenger that the plane had hit a storm.

"We feel it quite a bit," he said. "The planes for this flight aren't pressurized. If you take the 11:30 flight—the $64 one—you fly above all this."

There was no announcement in Spanish about the storm. Ricardo Sanchez' wife, revived, pulled the white bag for vomiting out of the pocket of the seat and leaned into it. Lightning flashed as the plane pitched again in the dark—the tiny green light on the end of the wing was the only thing visible. Ricardo Sanchez tightened the safety belt of his daughter who sat next to him. She clutched the arms of the seat, in silence, and pressed against the back of it, her thin legs sticking out with the shiny black patent leather shoes not touching the floor. Her father stroked her hair, then leaned back himself and touched the palms of his hands together, pointing upward, on his lap. Through the crack of the seat in front, the brown, large-



veined hands of a woman twisted and knotted and pulled on a rainbow-colored silk handkerchief.

The dips became slighter and the screams lower, several becoming soft, continual moans that rose with the falls of the plane. A man walked back to the stewardess, who sat reading a copy of *The Saturday Evening Post* and asked her in English if the worst of the storm was over. She looked up annoyed and said, "*I'm* not the pilot," touched her forefinger to her tongue and flipped the page of the magazine.

A little after five o'clock in the morning the silver wings of the plane became visible, and then a layer of clouds below the plane. A pink strip grew at the end of the layer of clouds in the East, and an orange streak grew from the pink. The billowed layers of clouds below became blue-gray, then lighter blue. Ricardo Sanchez tapped his daughter's shoulder and told her to look. She leaned across on his lap and he explained "It is dawn. Look—it is beautiful."

ABOUT six o'clock the stewardess came by with a tray of steaming paper cups and asked each passenger, in English, "Would you like some coffee?" Some didn't seem to understand so the stewardess repeated the question in more distinct tones: "Would you like some coffee?" There were those who still did not understand and the stewardess, seemingly annoyed, passed on. Some people nodded, or held out their hands, and were given coffee.

The woman in the aqua silk dress stood up in the aisle and pulled up her stockings. She sat back down, pulled a small bottle from her purse, turned it on her finger, and dabbed at her neck. The strong, sweet smell of perfume spread across the aisle. The plane had broken through the clouds and there was water below. Soon there was land—another island; this one, too, striped and set with rows of white lights and green lights —fewer lights in the growing gray dawn than were seen in the night above San Juan. The island that the plane approached seemed not so much larger than the island it had left. Lower, the land turned brown and barren, with a swamplike series of protrusions in the water, and the plane moved closer till the brown, high grass on the land and the wind-ruffled waves on the water were clearly visible. The plane seemed about to touch the water and suddenly touched on land—the end of the Idlewild airstrip. The babies again were crying.

The plane stopped, and the passengers looked out the window at the quiet runways, the long, low buildings, and the high, silver lamp-posts that arched in a long and graceful curve like the neck of some thin and watchful animal, repeated row on row. The women stepped out of the silver door, clutching at their flimsy, bright-colored dresses, into the morning chill of New York and the gray, surrealistic landscape of Idlewild.

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U. S. BLUNDERS IN INDIA

The author of this article is a newspaperman who contributes frequently to The Nation's *editorial columns under a Washington dateline. He is now in India.*

New Delhi

CONTINUATION of India's nonalignment with either of the two great power blocs is America's optimum hope. Only when the United States abandons the attempt to draw India into its camp, only when Secretary Dulles ceases to preach that neutralism is immoral, will Washington have taken the first step toward wisdom in its Indian policy. India can't be transformed into another Philippines or Thailand. If the Indian peoples today were forced to opt, they might quite possibly choose alliance with Red China and Russia.

One wonders whether Mr. Dulles considered neutralism immoral when the Indian Prime Minister declined the Soviets' offer of military equipment. Despite Mr. Nehru's abhorrence of communism, the Russian proposal may have been tempting. Military spending abroad is one reason for the misfortune which has befallen India's Five Year Plan. In the past few years, India has bought 240 jet aircraft and some 200 tanks overseas, almost all in Britain. She has spent a further $112 million for armaments in France.

For India, this is a tragic business. Every responsible Indian authority will tell you that it is U.S. military aid to Pakistan which has been impelling India to devote 38 per cent of its budget to defense expenditure. The Indians' resentment is the more intense because Pakistan is receiving American arms gratis, while this country's military outlay is at the cost of economic development.

Furthermore, informed Indians know that much of this military spending is pure waste. After three years, their costly jets and other imported arms are becoming obsolete.

The drain on India's meager foreign-currency reserve is growing. Defense Minister Krishna Menon announced in the Indian Parliament that his Government's military expenditure abroad, which amounted to $140 million for the fiscal year which ended on March 31, will rise to $252 million in the current year.

It was in this setting that Russia made its approach about a year ago. Moscow offered India a large number of aircraft—jets as well as propeller-driven—and especially transport planes for military and civilian use. U.S. authorities were startled to learn that the Russians asked one-third of prevailing world prices for the aircraft. Moreover, Moscow attached no political strings to the offer. But the Indian Government declined it.

A Soviet offer in the non-military field of pharmaceuticals may turn out otherwise. India has been soliciting Western assistance in constructing a new, large, drug industry. One of the countries with which New Delhi discussed the matter is Sweden. The Indians have now told the Swedes that they may abandon any such deal with the West because they are unwilling to abide by prices fixed by the international chemical cartel. They protested that maintenance of cartel prices would prevent the sale at low cost to the impoverished Indian masses of such medicaments as antibiotics, sulpha preparations and the more ordinary pharmaceuticals.

Now Russia has notified New Delhi that the Soviets are ready to build both a pharmaceutical industry and a metal-processing plant.

ALL THESE military and economic developments are the latest turns in a story which does little credit to Western, notably American, policy. The United States has committed two major blunders in its dealings with India. The first was when the Eisenhower Administration signed the March, 1954, arms pact with Pakistan after repeated warnings from Nehru that such a move would bring the cold war to India's doorstep. America thus embroiled itself in the most explosive issue of the region: Kashmir. This country is as sensitive and emotional about Kashmir as France was about Alsace during the period 1870-1914. And regardless of the merits of the struggle over this Asian Alsace, the vest-pocket Machiavellis in the Pentagon and State Department know that in world affairs India is of far greater importance than Pakistan. And they were aware that Pakistan welcomed American arms much less for defense against Russia, as the U.S. intended them, than as a means of negotiating from strength with India.

From 1953 onward, American policy in Asia grew tougher. The Eisenhower Administration multiplied the number of military alliances in the area and put heavier accent on them. At the same time, the Russians softened their Asian policy.

Stupidly, Stalin had treated Jawaharlal Nehru as a Western puppet. With Stalin out of the way, his successors first decided to end the Korean War, then to terminate the war in Indo-China; and then they changed their behavior toward India. They invited Mr. Nehru to the USSR. He was given a stupendous popular welcome. In December, 1955, Khrushchev and Bulganin returned the visit and made their spectacular journey of courtship to India.

Instead of telling Mr. Nehru that his policy was immoral, the Russians said in effect, "So you Indians would like to be neutral? Well, why not?"

Meanwhile, unpleasant things for the West were happening here.

In 1949, Communist China occupied Tibet and assumed the strategic and political dominance which the British had relinquished. Red China was suddenly poised in force along India's border and next to Nepal, which India inconsistently considers akin to an Indian protectorate. Mr. Nehru could not prevent the Chinese occupation of Tibet nor reverse it. So India renounced its handful of privileges in Tibet, such as retention of a few police there, and in April, 1954, signed a treaty with China which gave Peking substantially what it wanted.

The document was less important for what it said about Tibet than

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because it enunciated the celebrated Five Principles for the first time. If Westerners regarded the *Panch Shila* as an exercise in pious phrases, in the East it was widely accepted as an Asian Charter for Coexistence. The significance of the Five Principles was heightened when twenty-nine Afro-Asian nations at the Bandung conference adopted them as their platform.

India and the Sino-Soviet alliance drew closer to one another.

Then, the same month that marked the India-Chinese agreement on Tibet, the Western powers sat down with Red China in Geneva to discuss Indo-China and Korea. The British Premier, Sir Anthony Eden, privately suggested to Washington that India be invited. Mr. Dulles said no.

THE WEST then compounded its errors: the United States and Britain launched the Baghdad Pact, which was designed to keep the Arab states in step with the West and to prevent Soviet penetration of the Mideast. But to Mr. Nehru the pact appeared in a different light. He saw Pakistan sign a treaty with Turkey. He witnessed its extension to Iraq and Iran. Then Britain joined. The United States later accepted a seven-eighths membership. True, when the British tried to push Jordan into the pact, they were rewarded by being thrown out of Jordan, Glubb Pasha and all. The damage, however, had been done. Mr. Nehru believed a Moslem bloc was being formed at the gate of India. That led him to woo Egypt, Syria and other Arab countries.

The Baghdad Pact and Mr. Dulles' slapping of Egypt's face over the Aswan Dam split the Arab world. The breach was widened by the Indian Premier's approach to Egypt and Syria. Into the gap between the Baghdad group and its Arab opponents streamed Soviet influence. Western policy, instead of building a wall against Russian intrusion, eased the way for it.

One of the wisest Allied ambassadors in South Asia commented thus: "In the age of missiles and hydrogen explosives, it is meaningless to throw a 1917-model cordon around Soviet Russia. It is as unrealistic as was the Maginot Line concept of the thirties.

"America let its relations with India cool. It nudged India in the direction of the Soviet Union in order to satisfy the Pentagon's wish to align Pakistan with the West and to throw a badly-torn net around the Mideast. The United States poured money, food and other goods into India with characteristic generosity. However, by feeding arms to Pakistan, it obliged India to drain its resources in military spending."

What of the future?

The same ambassador argued that if the United States continues to ship arms to Pakistan, the day may come when the Indian army and air force will tell Defense Minister Krishna Menon that they need more equipment. "Then," said the Western ambassador, "Menon may reply, 'That's expensive and we haven't got the money. We need our resources for the Five Year Plan. You'll have to choose. Either we do without the equipment or we accept the Soviet offer to provide us with arms at bargain rates. Which will it be?' "

The ambassador said the West can't rule out this possibility. "If it comes to pass," he concluded, "all Asia may be lost to us."

Other diplomats in Delhi speak of a different threat to the West. They fear the uncertainties when leadership of India passes from Nehru's hands. They foresee, perhaps not at once but ultimately, a split in the ruling Congress Party, with its left wing drawing nearer to the Communists. Yet another school of prophets believes the Indian conservatives will gain control when Nehru disappears from the stage. Doubting that a rightist Congress would enjoy any broad popular support, they anticipate a greater opportunity for the Communists.

But there are factors which militate against these forecasts.

A Communist ambassador in New Delhi expressed the opinion that even after Mr. Nehru retires or dies —he has just passed sixty-eight— India will continue its non-alignment policy at least as long as the Congress Party stays in office. The party has absorbed Nehru's liberalism. It

Fitzpatrick in St. Louis Post-Dispatch
Another Race We Can Lose

contains opposing factions, as do other mass parties, but its predominant attitude is anti-Communist and social-democratic. On the other hand, Indian communism is riven by dissension at least as severe. On such issues as the Five Year Plan, party organization and party membership, Ajoy Ghosh, secretary-general of the party, and his supporters are at loggerheads with the leaders of India's sole Communist-governed state, Kerala.

Such dissensions among the Communists appear to offset divisive trends within the Congress Party. Furthermore, India faces a greater danger than is represented by Nehru's mortality and the weak spots in the Congress Party. The second Five Year Plan, which runs till April 1, 1961, is threatened with failure. U. S. economists in New Delhi estimate that, in terms of India's national income, the plan will fall short of its production targets by about 30 per cent. If the plan were to founder, not only the Indian people, but all Asians would question the capability of democratic methods to modernize backward countries.

The clincher for the Communists would be a major economic setback in India, contrasted with swift economic advances in Red China.

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BOOKS and the ARTS

The Art of Magnanimity

ALL MEN ARE BROTHERS. Translated by Pearl Buck. Grove Press. 2 vols. $12.

THE DREAM OF THE RED CHAMBER. Translated from Franz Kuhn's German translation of the Chinese by Isabel and Florence McHugh. Pantheon Books. 608 pp., illustrated. $7.50.

Kenneth Rexroth

GROVE PRESS has just issued Pearl Buck's classic translation, *All Men Are Brothers.* They also distribute Clement Egerton's translation of *The Golden Lotus* (4 vols. $17.50). This is the "Chin P'ing Mei," also published in another, somewhat more abridged translation by Putnam. World is said to be thinking about reprinting the excessively scarce Brewitt-Taylor translation of *San Kuo, the Romance of Three Kingdoms.* Lin Yutang's translation of "Six Chapters of a Floating Life" is available in the Modern Library Giant, *The Wisdom of China and India* (perhaps the best book bargain in America, as this story is certainly Lin Yutang's best work). I hope Arthur Waley's translation of *Monkey* by Wu Ch'eng is still in print. Now Pantheon is bringing out the greatest of all Chinese novels, *The Dream of The Red Chamber* early next year. This takes care of all the major works of Chinese fiction except Herbert Giles's *Strange Stories from a Chinese Studio,* and J. H. Jackson's translation of *All Men Are Brothers* which he titled *The Water Margin.* (This is close to the Chinese; Pearl Buck's title was her own idea.) There are a few other odds and ends. Various Chinese erotic tales are available in pocket books and fugitive "esoteric press" editions. The fiction volume of the two-volume *Chinese Prose Literature of the Tang Period,* translated by E. D. Edwards and published by Probsthain in London, might well be dressed up more attractively, given a new introduction, and imported into America. H. Bedford Jones once translated from the French of Soulie de Morant three Chinese novels, *The Claws of the Dragon, The Passion of Yang Kuei Fei, The Breeze in the Moonlight.* They could all bear re-issue, the last especially. Anyway, within the year, anybody who wants to bother can get himself a good picture of Chinese classical fiction.

And what sort of picture is this? What kind of novels are they? To borrow the critical techniques of my colleague Mr. Yvor Winters for a moment, they are great novels, very great novels. In fact I would say that *The Dream of the Red Chamber* and the Japanese *The Tale of Genji* are the two greatest works of prose fiction in all the history of literature, and that all the others belong on anybody's list of a Hundred Best Books. That they are not on the Hutchins-Adler list is an excellent indicator of the Western, Thomism-cum-Whiggery parochialism of Mr. Hutchins and Mr. Adler. I am not trying to be odd or annoying. I am not saying something like "Sturge Moore is the greatest poet of the twentieth century." I really do believe that these are the two best novels in the world. Furthermore, there are not many people who are familiar with them who do not agree with me. *The Tale of Genji* is worth a long essay in itself, and besides, its virtues are curiously supplementary to those characteristic of the great Chinese fiction.

What are these Chinese virtues? First, an absolute mastery of pure narrative. Second, humanity. Third, as the synthesis of virtues one and two, a whole group of qualities that should have some one name—reticence, artistic humility, maturity, objectivity, total sympathy, the ability to reveal the macrocosm in the microcosm, the moral universe in the physical act, the depths of psychological insight in the trivia of happenstance, without ever saying anything about these "big" things. This is a quality of style. It is the fundamental quality of the greatest style. It does have a name, although it is not a term we usually think of as part of the jargon of literary criticism. The word is magnanimity.

THE antonym, I guess, is self indulgence. Surely one of the characteristics of our naughty age is the self-indulgence of our artists, and none more so than our novelists. "Modern classic" or vulgar trash, my usual reaction to a novel full of cocktail-party psychoanalysis and indigestible recipes from the latest stylistic cookbooks is, "Oh, for God's sake, come off it. Grown men don't behave this way." And who is not self-indulgent? Proust? Henry James? The author of Finnegans Wake? Jack Kerouac? Jean Stafford? To ask the question, as they say in speeches, is to answer it. I know of only one completely adult major novel of my time, Ford Madox Ford's *Tietjen series, re-issued* a couple of years ago by Knopf with the title *Parade's End.* It is significant that it was badly reviewed and then remaindered. Nobody realized that it was the most important twentieth century "war novel" in any language, nobody even knew what it was about—that war is the hypertrophy and social proliferation of tiny, trivial, sordid, personal evil, what grandma used to call sin. Ford didn't label his thesis, he probably didn't know he had one in that sense. His characters didn't philosophize, and he didn't snoop around in their minds with a lot of jargon. Nobody's consciousness streamed. It all just happened—the brutal and the silly and the beautiful facts. It is so easy to be artistic. It is so hard to be mature. This is not a digression. This is the very essence of the Chinese novel. Magnanimity.

No artist belongs in the very first rank who is the victim of his crea-

KENNETH REXROTH has recently published One Hundred Poems from the Chinese *and a collection of his own verse,* In Defense of Earth.

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tions. And only this special kind of nobility will guarantee the independence of the primary creators. Homer has it, but Dante does not. It is a kind of courage, like Johnson's famous "Courage, Sir, is the first of virtues, because without it, it is sometimes difficult to exercise the others." To a degree, no one in the classic days of Far Eastern civilization even tried to become an artist of any kind unless he had a little of this magnanimity, this courage. The whole pattern of the culture, the definition and discipline of "human heartedness," was set to produce this kind of character above all others. It is the rarest trait in a predatory, commercial society of human self-alienation, where covetousness is number one in the decalogue of social virtues and courage—well, it certainly increases sales resistance.

NARRATIVE integrity means that the meanings of a major Chinese novel emerge as revelations, as the meaning of a Sung vase is revealed. Coming on a book like *All Men Are Brothers* for the first time, the unprepared Western reader may think he has wandered into a sort of Chinese "Dick Tracy" or "Terry and the Pirates." In the first place, what's wrong with Dick Tracy? To ape Mr. Winters again, he is certainly "better" than Françoise Sagan, he may even be better than much bigger reputations. Who is so hard-hearted that he did not weep over the death of the Dragon Lady? (She, like Sherlock Holmes, came back to life by popular demand.) And who so soft-headed that he wept over the sorrows of Albertine? There is only one trouble with Dick Tracy — no important revelation emerges. There is nothing wrong with the Westerns of Ernest Haycox, this is the best way to write, but something more important emerges from Homer, or *The Red and Black,* or *War and Peace,* or *Robinson Crusoe,* or *Huckleberry Finn.* Something false emerges from most novels written in the twentieth century.

Alex Comfort compares the style of *All Men Are Brothers* to Pepys—"a perfectly translucent medium through which we see the characters in all their moral nudity." It is the story of the adventures of a gang of quasi-revolutionary brigands of the type who have flourished during all the many periods when Chinese civilization fell on evil days. The book was very popular with the Chinese Reds before they came into power. Later, they frowned on it for a while. It is adventurous to an extreme, and at least as episodic as the funny papers. In fact the first "comic books" in history are precisely children's picture books of the *San Kuo* and *All Men Are Brothers.* It is chock-full of ghosts, inn keepers who make hamburgers of their guests, giants of superhuman strength, beautiful women in distress, wily intellectuals, crafty merchants, tireless lechers, heroic gluttons, sensitive scholars; arson, rape, murder, hairbreadth escapes, pitiful deaths. It is like life, but many times as large. Out of it have grown whole Chinese novels and innumerable plays, the favorites of the Chinese theatre. Dozens of Western novels could vanish in it without leaving a trace. To produce something like it would require the collaboration of Rabelais, Petronius, Defoe and Dickens, with, I suppose, details from I. Babel. I do not mean that the author of *All Men Are Brothers* was a "greater" writer than these great Western writers in a qualitative sense, but he certainly was in a quantitative one.

At first maybe it all seems just episodes, something for children. Then slowly the terrific bulk of its humanity begins to creep up on you —that immense Chinese humanity which would never stop coming if it marched past you ten abreast. It is like something in modern astronomy with its multitudes of universes stretching on and on forever. What was it Kant said about the starry heavens above and the moral law within? Here they are, combined, extension and intension, the incredible bulk of the total human heart. It is like a total recall of your ancestry back to Pekin Man.

IT IS this total versimilitude which differentiates the greatest Chinese novels from the Japanese and puts *The Dream of the Red Chamber* in a nobler class than *Genji.* The Japanese novel is a universe of exquisite sensibility. It is concerned with the most profound moral issues ever undertaken in any work of fiction, and implicitly with philosophical issues utterly beyond the grasp of any European novelist. It handles all this with breathtaking skill. But it is possible, immediately, to say these things about it. They are patent. You are unaware of anything like this in *The Dream of the Red Chamber* until the week after you have laid it down. You are always aware of the vertiginously beautiful style of Lady Murasaki. In *The Dream of the Red Chamber* you are unaware that you are reading, and nobody remembers who the author was. On a much lesser plane, it is the difference between Walter Pater and Theodore Dreiser. Dreiser is horribly crude, but Pater is barbarous. I am afraid Dreiser is the better stylist. In *Genji* they eat but seldom, drink a little, but never move their bowels. In the Chinese novel, as in the gardens of Italy where the nightingale sings in the blooming pomegranate, the odor of the night soil of ten thousand years is never out of your nose.

Although they are not as fractious and colorful, there are almost

Hoot Owls

Owls that cry in the night,
(I have noted toward dawn)
Hooting in call and in answer,
Were supposed to be mysterious;
Indeed, their voice is enchanting,
With a far-away roll and fall,
Yet imagine my distrust
Of what used to be poetical
To learn that these dull birds,
Instead of leading us on
Into labyrinthian melancholy,
Actually make their hoots
To petrify, as it were,
And scare stiff small animals,
Who, thus mesmerized,
Cannot move for deadly fear,
Whereupon the hungry hoot owls
Wing down swiftly, killing
Their prey in handsome talons.

We must go elsewhere
Than the cry of the hoot owl,
Somewhere beyond realism,
For the tone of the poetical.

RICHARD EBERHART

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as many characters in *The Dream of the Red Chamber* as there are in *All Men Are Brothers,* and since the *Red Chamber* is not at all episodic, but as carefully structured as *The Remembrance of Things Past,* it is easy at first to get lost. But again, in that Chinese way, all these people slowly envelop you with their significance. What is it all about? It is the story of an idle scholar and gentleman and his women. It is the Chinese plot of plots, "When women rule, the house decays." Again, it is exactly the opposite, a glorification of the hidden matriarchy at the heart of Chinese society. It is the story, I suppose in some sense the plot of all great fiction, of the slow, hard achievement of personal integrity. It is the story of "Precious Stone," a Taoist saint who doesn't know he is one, and doesn't want to be one. There is a distinct resemblance to *Genji,* but a resemblance distinguished by two basically unlike philosophies. Prince Genji (The Shining One) is a hidden Boddhisattva. Now a Boddhisattva is a Buddha who, on the verge of Nirvana, turns away with a vow that he will not enter peace until all sentient creatures have been helped by him to salvation. The Shingon Buddhist doctrine is that he is "indifrent" to this vow. All things are alike to him—but still he does turn away to save others. (This is the explanation for that man-about-town expression on the faces of Japanese statues which looks so unreligious to Westerners.) Lady Murasaki's special contribution was the idea that he is not only indifferent, he is ignorant of his cosmic role, and furthermore this love always struggles with an active, embodied hate, and what is really salvation often looks very much like its opposite.

Curiously, since neither novelist knew of the other and they are separated by almost seven hundred years, this could also be said to be the plot of *The Red Chamber.* Except that *The Red Chamber* is a Taoist work. Salvation lies in the quiet power of the stone in the arch, in the action of letting all things find their own level, like water wandering amongst mountains. Today people would say "It is impossible to make value judgments of philosophical systems, let alone religious attitudes. They are aesthetic constructs and so, value neuter." This is a lot of hooey. *The Dream of the Red Chamber* is the better novel because it is the truer, the more profoundly humane. *Genji* is true and profound and humane and beautiful, too, but we are not all able to identify ourselves with the insouciant demigod who, for fun, as it were, dips souls from Hell through ten million reincarnations. On the other hand, there is no question but what we too are part of that astronomical mass of living human beings made of real flesh, sweeping past forever like star dust; and that if we are wise, we will take it easy, like the resting stone and the falling stream.

As a footnote. This new presentation of *The Dream of the Red Chamber* is not a reprint of either of the two previous translations of the *Hung Lou Meng,* both of which were decided abridgments. It is more than twice as long as one and four times the length of the other and can be said to be, although somewhat abridged, about as adequate a presentation of the monumental structure of the novel as the Western reader is likely to accept. A good deal of care has been taken by the translators to avoid unnecessary exoticism (a comparison of the rendering of proper names alone in the three versions shows this instantly), and in every way more of the slow, massive lyricism of the original comes through than ever has before. Pearl Buck's rendering of *All Men Are Brothers* is, of course, her finest work and a classic of American prose.

A Question of Price

ROOM AT THE TOP. By John Braine. Houghton Mifflin Company. 301 pp. $3.75.

Alan Harrington

THE SECTION of Yorkshire known as West Riding which gave to literature Humbert Wolfe and J. B. Priestley, not to mention the Brontë sisters, has now produced a powerful new novelist, John Braine, and a memorable young man of modern England, Joe Lampton, the social-climbing protagonist of *Room At The Top.*

Large areas of West Riding seem to the visitor—at least in the middle of November—to be rather dismal. Traveling some 225 miles north of London through the Midlands to Leeds and the little towns beyond, you pass through a countryside overhung with soft coal smoke. At noon and with no cloud in the sky the sun casts only the palest yellow reflection. The buildings are black from soot. Yet, strangely, all around you see rosy complexions amid the coal dust, and the strong white legs of hundreds of soccer players guiding the ball across the dark grass. Everyone appears hardy and good-natured to the stranger. These are north people with a broad, thick speech and singsong voices. They breathe the bone-chilling air as if it contained a tonic.

Joe Lampton scorns the "zombies," the squares of "Dirty Dufton, Dead Dufton," the home town he abandons to begin his climb to the top. Still, the impression remains that although many West Riding towns may be dead and dirty, the people are very much alive. In these harsh surroundings flourish athletics, amateur theatricals, chamber music societies, chrysanthemum clubs, and fierce discussion groups in which the visitor may find himself hard-pressed by the erudition of amateur philosophers with outlandish accents.

Even so, for the lower-middle-class Yorkshireman, life can be a pretty dull deal. Until recently he had to resign himself to making the best of the lot that God and England's cramped class system had provided for him—unless he made a tremendous effort to rise above his station. Such an effort involves having a vision, as Joe Lampton does. It bursts upon Joe one day as he is enviously watching a rich young man escort his girl into an Aston-Martin and casually drive away: "The ownership of the Aston-Martin automatically placed the young man in a social class far above mine; but that ownership was simply a question of money. The girl . . . was as far beyond my reach as the car. But her ownership, too, was simply a question of money, of the price of the diamond ring on her left hand."

The revelation is clear: by becoming an operator and keeping his eye on the

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main chance every minute of the day he can change his lot. From this point on John Braine's account of Joe Lampton's progress is somewhat reminiscent of *An American Tragedy*. Like Clyde Griffiths, Joe sets his sights on a higher social rating and all the blessings it will bring. To achieve this he must discard a desperate woman with whom he has supposedly been in love for the fresh and pretty daughter of a manufacturer. Although there is no hint of crime in his actions, he nevertheless permits the one on whom, in a sense, he has practiced love to fall into a disaster that leaves him free.

JOE is by no means remorseless. He may be an operator, and utterly calculating, yet he is constantly caught up by his sympathy for others (although he doesn't let this sympathy get out of hand) and a consciousness of wrongdoing. He sees himself for what he is —a climber who must get on, scheme, push and make it. At times he speaks out like a man, and he tells us:

> I couldn't feel like that now; there is, as it were, a transparent barrier between myself and strong emotion. I feel what is correct for me to feel; I go through the necessary motions. But I cannot delude myself that I care. I wouldn't say that I was dead; simply that I have begun to die. ...
>
> I'm like a brand-new Cadillac in a poor industrial area, insulated by steel and glass and air-conditioning from the people outside, from the rain and the cold and the shivering ailing bodies. I don't wish to be like the people outside, I don't even wish that I had some weakness, some foolishness to immobilise me among the envious coolie faces, to let in the rain and smell of defeat. But sometimes I wish that I wished it.

John Braine has been called one of England's angry young men, but *Room At The Top* is not an angry book. Rather it is a novel of recognition—that the cramping system of class distinction in England has had it, and can, will and must be beaten by such as Joe Lampton. It is a sardonic work by a writer whose hero knows the price of everything. The novel is saturated with prices—the price of furnishings, clothes, automobiles and girls. Joe is always measuring everything and everybody with whom he comes in contact—the height, muscle and finances of his rivals, the horsepower of cars, the dimensions of houses and rooms, the youth of a woman's bosom, and particularly the social grades of people—which are actually worked out from grade one down to grade twelve. It is a novel of sadness and regret that a young man should be forced to such extremes of maneuvering in order to rise out of his class. Another Yorkshire writer, Eric Knight, had his hero, Sam Small, literally take flight. There are no flights in *Room At The Top*. Joe Lampton crowds and elbows his way, and finally arrives after an agonizing expense of spirit to become, as he brutally calls himself, a Successful Zombie.

Room At The Top is a novel by an honest writer who concedes Joe Lampton nothing and still makes us want to put an arm around his shoulder and say to him: "Nobody blames you." And in the book Joe Lampton replies: "Oh my God, that's the trouble."

LETTER from PARIS

Elliott Stein

IN AUTUMN, the intellectual scene in Paris resembles the opening weeks of school. At the first theatrical *générales*, only a fraction of the literary *tout Paris* has returned to the capital, the opening nights lack glamour, and there is little likelihood of scandal and controversy. And then, suddenly, in October or November, when everyone is back at his desk and café, the time will be ripe, and whether there is any valid reason for it or not, a cause will be found to be celebrated, and the spit balls and arrows start flurrying. Such was the case this year.

The theatre season started quietly enough in September with a production at the *Théâtre d'Aujourd'hui* of two plays by the French-Roumanian writer, Eugene Ionesco. *Comment S'En Débarrasser* (How To Get Rid of It) was a revised version of an earlier play whose cast consists of two characters and a corpse. An embittered couple, Amedee and Madeleine, have been living for fifteen years in a cramped mouldy apartment in which fields of mushrooms pop up from the floorboards, continuously harassed by a body in the next room which both symbolizes and literally feeds on their quarrels and misunderstandings. The cadaver's legs finally break down the bedroom door, extend into the salon and threaten to bring the house down about their heads. How to get rid of it —indeed! It takes a good deal of stage trickery, including an animated cyclorama, to dispose of the monster, but even when it is gone, the mood of grotesque emptiness, anguish and solitude which the play has established, remains.

Ionesco's new play, *Le Nouveau Locataire* (The New Tenant), adroitly staged by young director Robert Postec, is a sort of avant-garde *Craig's Wife*, and exhibits a nervous, lonely man, enamored of *things*. He is furnishing a small apartment, and when the moving men arrive with dozens of vans full of odd chairs, buffets, beds and sofas (all of them designed by the cartoonist Siné, the French Steinberg), he orders these to be placed in exactly chalk-marked positions. More and still more furniture arrives, the stage becomes covered with it, until a fortress-tomb of bric-a-brac buries him alive, and he is no longer visible to the audience. The moving men bid him goodnight, turn out the light and leave. Curtain.

In both plays, Ionesco seems to have temporarily abandoned his experiments with language and ceded to an obsession with objects which was already apparent in *Les Chaises*. In *Le Nouveau Locataire*, there is hardly any dialogue, merely the procession of furniture, punctuated by cries of "there!" and "put it over there!" and this cruel farce becomes a strange ritual which is received with very uncomfortable laughter.

A few weeks later, after Paris had seen a routine series of *comédies de boulevard* about pirates, pimps and life in the provinces, the Jean-Louis Barrault company presented *L'Histoire de Vasco* by the Lebanese poet, Georges Schehadé, at the Sarah Bernhardt Theatre. In 1955, as a result of disagreements with the management of the elegant Marigny (it had never been the ideal home for his experiments in modern drama), Barrault found himself theatreless; his company toured abroad for nearly two years, and *Vasco*, which was to mark his return to Paris, had been anticipated as the first important event of the season.

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The opening night was a brilliant affair. Camus, Genet, Beckett, Jouhandeau, Ionesco, Mauroc, Achard and several dozen film stars filled the front rows. At the final curtain, although Barrault received a great personal ovation, the play was greeted with a mixture of wild applause and scattered boos. With the appearance of the next day's newspapers, the battle raged. School had opened with a bang!

MOST of the critics were fairly enthusiastic, with the exception of Jean-Jacques Gautier in *Le Figaro* and Robert Kemp in *Le Monde,* both of whom expressed great dislike for *Vasco*. The reactionary *L'Aurore* suppressed a favorable review by its critic, Joly, and substituted a virulent attack by editorialist Leon Treich, who found it intolerable that an anti-militarist play was being performed in a government-subsidized theatre while French soldiers were dying for their country in Algeria. Treich also put in a plea for stronger political censorship of the stage and demanded that the Municipality of Paris punish Barrault "quickly and firmly."

The weekly *Arts* devoted nearly half its next issue to *L'Affaire Vasco*. Jean Dutourd, the novelist, compared Schehadé to Homer and Tolstoy; Barrault, to whom the Lebanese poet is "a modern Aristophanes," asked for Gautier's dismissal from the *Figaro* for the sake of the French theatre's health. *Le Monde*'s review had been completely apolitical; Kemp, the dean of French theatre critics, recently elected to the Académie Française, had merely found *Vasco* a raging bore. But he found himself accused on all sides of secretly hating it because of its theme. *Le Monde* published a letter which Kemp had received from René Char, sympathizing with his aversion for the play and calling *Vasco* "insufferable straw poetry." The left-wing *France Observateur* entered the joust by suggesting that Char, in siding with Kemp, had been solely motivated by jealousy of fellow poets St.-John Perse and Jules Supervielle, both ardent champions of Schehadé's poetry! Another critic, Jacques Lemarchand, contested the authenticity of the Char letter, claiming that Kemp could not distinguish Char from Henri Michaux. Petitions were passed around and sent to the *Figaro* demanding Gautier's dismissal; other papers received outraged letters demanding that *Vasco* be censored.

This enormous squabble, engaging several of France's leading literary figures, with the bone of contention a mediocre work that only remotely and dimly concerns current events, is a painful indication of how the Algerian War has confused and divided spirits here.

L'Histoire de Vasco takes place in the nineteenth century, in an unnamed country ("Germany, Italy, or perhaps South America" is all Schehadé indicates). It relates the adventures of a gentle small-town barber who is mobilized and coyly goes off to war sporting a straw hat and a yellow parasol, much as Charles Trenet might. Vasco (ingratiatingly played by Jean-Pierre Granval) is adored by a girl he has never met, but who dreams of him as her future husband; she trails him through several campaigns in the company of her eccentric vagabond father, a vendor of stuffed dogs (Barrault). Vasco soon gets involved in the surrealistic aspects of military life—he is sent to join a company of rough soldiers who, disguised as picnicking ladies, are defending fortifications in huge crinoline skirts while the enemy, camouflaged as a forest of trees, advances confusedly. In the last act, he is taken prisoner, roughly treated and executed.

The play is very long, and is written in a precious inflated style of prose poetry strongly reminiscent of Claudel. The comic scenes, however, are derivative of certain French farces of the last century, of Courteline and Feydeau, and in spite of Barrault's imaginative staging, the resultant hodge-podge is decidedly unpalatable. But, whatever its success or failure, its message or lack of it, the key to *Vasco* lies elsewhere.

The works of Bertolt Brecht have become a near Bible for the most *progressiste* group of French playwrights and critics, especially since the extraordinary Berliner Ensemble's visits to Paris with productions of *Mother Courage, Galileo* and *The Caucasian Chalk Circle*. A signal example of the French neo-Brechtian school was *Les Coréens* (The Koreans) by Michel Vinaver, which was mounted last spring at the *Théâtre d'Aujourd'hui*. Its theme was the ambiguous attitudes of members of the French batallion in Korea toward their "roles" as soldiers; it was permeated by *distanciation,* the word the group has adopted as a translation of Brecht's famous *Verfremdungseffekt,* through which the actor is supposed to "distance" himself psychologically from the character he portrays, and analytically contemplate the part. Arthur Adamov, who for some critics, forms with Beckett and Ionesco the essential triumvirate of the present French avant-garde theatre, has recently renounced all of his earlier work, and in *Paolo Paoli,* performed this year at Lyons, written what he hopes is his first Brechtian play. Schehadé is hardly a political playwright, but it is apparent that *Vasco* is strongly influenced by Brecht, and in particular by *Mother Courage.*

But if Brecht is an important writer, the explanation is not to be found in his theories but in the complicated personality which was usually in an ambiguous relationship to them. The theories themselves, coherent and rigorous, are best suited to Marxist playwrights, but there was a good deal of the classic *bourgeois* artist in Brecht, pessimistic and alienated—capable of brilliantly dominating the East Berlin theatre and (it is reported) simultaneously banking his money in Switzerland. This internal reticence toward his own theories makes for a good deal of the richness in his plays. Without it, his attempts to depsychologize his characters would result in their existing as mere puppets or mouthpieces. Schehadé is not only not a Marxist, he is a *bourgeois* writer with a good conscience, and *Vasco* consequently is swathed in smugness.

WHY all the fuss about *Vasco* then—a play only slightly more subversive than *The Wizard of Oz?* I think that several facts must be borne in mind to help understand this tempest over a re-warmed teapot. In addition to the Algerian War and the protracted government crisis, the inflation, the paralyzing national strikes in public utilities and transports, and the perilous skirting of national bankruptcy, there have been during the first ten months of this year nearly 600 political murders in France, and more than 2,300 people have been wounded, principally from gunfights between members of the rival *Mouvement National Algerien* and the *Front de Liberation National*. A good deal of the time, since the killed were mostly North Africans (plus a few Frenchmen hit by stray bullets), the papers played down these events. But in the last few weeks several spectacularly harrowing assassinations have occurred right in the center of Paris. On October 31, *Le Monde* ran a story under the headline, "More Than 550 Algerians Have

The Important Personage and the Guardian Angel

(from the French of Jacques Prévert)

You stay there,
Watchdog,
At the door of the bordello
And preserve my good standing.
I'm going upstairs with the girls.
One must unbend a little sometimes!

A. J. M. Smith and Georges Joyaux

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Been Killed in France." During the debate on the "framework law" for Algeria, the Boulevard St. Germain, at the *Chambre* end, was daily packed with cars full of helmeted squads of the CRS armed with machine guns, prepared for any eventuality, and not a few patrons of the St. Germain des Prés literary cafés have assumed, one hopes over-anxiously, that the terrorist bombings of cafés in Algiers were foretastes of what a spell of prolonged anarchy might lead to in Paris.

For a long time, many Frenchmen refused to believe the stories of tortures inflicted by *les Forces de l'Ordre* (the official euphemism for the army) on Algerian prisoners; the liberal or Communist newspapers reporting such stories were seized before they could be sold, and the journalists who wrote them were labeled traitors. The Committee for the Safeguard of Individual Liberties which was set up last April to investigate the use of torture in Algeria drew up a report which the government has kept secret, in spite of reiterated public demands for its publication. The committee's most prominent members resigned in protest—including Maurice Garcon, France's top criminal lawyer who, an interested spectator at the *Vasco* première, was one of the few figures present not to write an article defending or attacking the play.

In spite of the withholding of the report, the evidence has piled up. In a brilliant series of articles which *Le Monde* started publishing November 1, Serge Adour analyzes the transformation of the army's initial idealism into an acceptance of a totalitarian situation in which the concept of a racial war necessitating the use of torture is *taken for granted.*

The informed public, on edge, ill-humored and somewhat frightened, is prey to a myriad of guilt feelings and defense mechanisms, closely bound up with its realization that France has been in practice disowning the very values she has been pretending to defend. Had the Adour articles been published a few months ago, for instance, *Le Monde* would probably have been seized for attempting to "demoralize the army," and the fact that they are now appearing with impunity is an indication that the national *crise de conscience* has reached close to the boiling point—the point at which *L'Affaire Vasco* was possible.

Barrault followed up *Vasco* with his production of *The Castle.* It has fascinating moments, but is sketchy and spotty and not as successful as his staging of Gide's dramatization of *The Trial,* in 1947. It is surely impossible to put Kafka's great novel on the stage without losing most of its substance in the shuffle. Nonetheless, Barrault's anguished performance as Joseph K. is one of the finest things he has ever done and the production is strangely evocative.

One scene was interrupted by delighted applause—when K's assistants, in search of an undiscoverable dossier, upset a large cupboard stuffed full of the bureaucrat-mayor's reports, and lavishly strew the stage with the useless documents. Thoroughly bored with the quest, they send a few pages whizzing out over the audience in the form of paper airplanes—if any audience in the world merits a laugh at the expense of bureaucracy, it's a French one. Two *midinettes* seated next to me, probably attracted to the play by the idea of seeing several of their favorite film stars on stage, had been confused by *The Castle* for a while. Finally, one of them whispered, "I get it now. It's a dream he's having—a dream about the occupation."

THEATRE

Harold Clurman

IN *The Cave Dwellers,* the theatre in which the events of the play take place is described as a "downtown theatre," i.e., south of forty-second street, the implication being that the theatres there are ready to be demolished. Actually the rate of demolition has been higher uptown, where it often takes the form of conversion to radio and television houses. With the relative success of the movement off-Broadway, I am more worried about the "new" theatres above forty-second street, than about the old ones below which are beginning to acquire prestige.

It will be a good day for the theatre when it becomes decentralized, not only geographically but in our psychological attitude toward what makes an "important" show. In Paris the most interesting productions are generally not to be seen on the grand boulevards or on the adjacent streets but, as the French say, *on the side.*

Clérambard (Rooftop Theatre) is certainly as worthwhile a play as *Time Remembered.* In fact Marcel Aymé's play, which is devilishly anti-clerical, is more characteristic of its author than *Time Remembered* is of Anouilh. Nothing in *Time Remembered*—a pretty piece to be sure—is as tartly witty as the scene in *Clérambard* in which all the ordinary folk in a French village are able to behold the miracle of a saintly apparition—except the curé.

The production of *Clérambard*—done with limited means—leaves much to be desired; but so, to anyone who knows the French theatre, does *Time Remembered.* French plays are peculiarly difficult to produce properly outside France—particularly in America. The reason for this is that we are ineluctably committed to a realistic approach in our "serious" contemporary drama. The French, whose Balzac, Stendhal, Flaubert, Zola (all of them suppressed romantics) have created a great tradition of realism in the novel, have hardly had a strictly realistic drama for any length of time.

Almost the only dramatist who remains of the French realistic school is Henry Becque, whose few plays are almost unknown here. The boulevard society fabrications of Henri Bernstein—half melodrama, half problem play—were popular in this country before the First World War when Broadway, oddly enough, was more receptive to the plays

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of London and Paris than it is today.

The French theatre, with its spirit bent on close moral scrutiny of the world, nearly always manages to turn its material either to classic abstraction (hence the frequent use of traditional figures—Oedipus, Orpheus, Antigone, Judith, etc.) or to a ballet-like playfulness, with reality paradoxically disguised in "masks" as heightened as those we see in show booths at fairs, or in forms approaching burlesque, vaudeville or operetta which are modernized versions of the Italian mime-comedies.

When we try to produce the best new French plays in the vein of our own theatre we get an unvarnished and dull naturalism, as in parts of *Clérambard*, or the strenuous cuteness which often happens in *Time Remembered*. The stylization of the French should be made to come *naturally*—not out of "style" but out of a certain view of life and art.

OFF-BROADWAY doesn't always mean below Times Square. The theatre in the Barbizon-Plaza Hotel is a very agreeable one, and the production there of Noel Coward's *Conversation Piece*—unsuccessfully produced here in 1934—is one of the best dressed and designed shows to be given under similar auspices. It is a fragile piece—one might more accurately say meagre—but the cast as a whole plays it nicely and gives its faint faded-lavender fragrance (sustained by the typical Coward sentimental song, "I'll Follow My Secret Heart") a certain miniature attractiveness.

ON BROADWAY, Morton Wishengrad, the author of *The Rope Dancers* (Cort), is indebted to his producers for having done so much to make his first play a thing some people will enjoy seeing. One is made to watch and listen to the play with respectful attention though it always promises more than it fulfills.

It is about poor estranged parents in New York at the turn of the century who have begotten a child with six fingers on one of her hands. This is a symbol of the physical or moral lesions, the guilts and disabilities which haunt us all. The child dies in the end from an operation which has removed the offending member. This means that we cannot erase the wounds of our bodies and souls in one stroke. Other points are made along the way: about the limitations of a rigid moralism (the wife), the value of imaginative freedom even when it is not crowned with other virtues (the husband), the effect on a child of hostility between parents, the imperfection of all human existence.

The play never gets much beyond intense earnestness, the will-to-create profound truthfulness. What is lacking is language, character portrayal, situations which are sufficient in themselves to embody rather than to symbolize the meaning with which the dramatist hopes to stir us.

The young English director Peter Hall should be accounted the hero of the evening. His cast is good—Siobhan McKenna, Art Carney, Joan Blondell, Theodore Bikel—and he has chosen the right scene designer in Boris Aronson, who knows how to give interest, variety and mystery to what would ordinarily be nothing but a drab background. The lighting (by Hall himself) is superb. But what I would praise above everything is the delicate simplicity—amounting to a subtle stylization—the quiet sensibility bespeaking fineness of spirit with which the director has invested the whole production.

MUSIC

Lester Trimble

WHEN William Steinberg and the Pittsburgh Symphony Orchestra arrived for their annual Carnegie Hall concert, they carried in their brief cases the score and parts for an unusually fascinating work—Anton Webern's *Six Pieces* for orchestra—which had never been played in New York. A few months ago, when these pieces were recorded by Columbia, I remarked that they belonged in the standard orchestral repertory. They have now taken one step in that direction, and in January they will be played again by Bernstein and the New York Philharmonic. Having penetrated thus far into the repertory, let us hope they stick.

The *Six Pieces* sound even better in the concert hall than they do on the recordings, for in a hall they can occupy real, as opposed to illusory, space. And, because of Webern's concepts of orchestral texture, coloration and proportion, the pieces occupy space in a special manner. They do not fill it with sheer bulk, but demarcate its boundaries with delicate, carefully placed points of reference, sketching in the middle ground with smudges of piquant color or phraseology. The pieces evoke these visual analogies because of Webern's uncanny ability to evoke feelings of towering height against sinking depth and of causing events to remain with fragile sharpness in the foreground, even as the eye is drawn into dark, receding distance. A poignant fragment of melody on the piccolo, the persistent ringing of a far-away bell, an attenuated, dry crescendo on the snare-drum—each of these carries an emotional surcharge and, at the same time, a line of rational sense. Webern seldom uses more than a few instruments simultaneously; he creates most textures out of solo, pointillist materials. Yet his effect is orchestral, and the scale of the work is remarkably large, considering its brevity in time.

As Steinberg conducted the *Six Pieces*, they had an aura of comfortable warmth which made them seem more expansive than I would have thought possible—completely relaxed and normal. The edge of hysteria which so many contemporary works approach—because of performer discomfort and not because of anything in the music—was not to be heard in a single note. With tiny, precisely-controlled gestures, his right hand described a lacework of rhythmic patterns almost too complex to follow with the eye, and yet his orchestra followed as a man, calling up the wispy sonorities and minutely-poised sentiments with unanimity of impulse. The Pittsburgh Orchestra, under Steinberg, has become one of the country's finest instruments. No test of its mettle could have been more revealing than these lovely, fiendishly fragile pieces.

ANOTHER visiting orchestra, the Philadelphia, brought with it to Carnegie Hall on two occasions some other interesting new works. The first of these, Virgil Thomson's recent transcriptions of the Brahms Op. 122 *Chorale Preludes*, turned out to be beautiful. I say without hesitation that they are the most adroit and cultivated orchestral transcriptions I have ever heard. Perhaps their success is due to the fact that Thomson is himself an organist, and was thus able to approach the organ originals with a particular sensitivity. In several of them, especially in No. 5 *(Deck thyself, my soul)* and No. 11 *(O World, I now must leave thee)*, he created a sound which quite exactly duplicates that of a Baroque organ, and in the latter, placed in the upper strings a blanket of dissonant har-

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monies which are both piquant and reminiscent of an organ's high, "mixture" stops. This Prelude has a specially sad significance, for it was the last piece of music Brahms wrote, and was composed in full, despairing knowledge of his impending death. In another setting of the Chorale No. 11 (Brahms made two) Thomson has limited his resources to flowing, muted strings. As Ormandy played the work, it was heart-rending in its expression of Protestant honesty and simple, understated pathos.

In the *Passacaglia,* Op. 24, by Armin Schibler, Ormandy made a poorer choice of a work for premiere performance. The composer, according to program notes, is "a significant" figure in European musical life, but I cannot imagine what his significance is. His work sounded academic, contrived, embarrassingly old-fashioned and awkward. Schibler, a young Swiss, has an ornate story to tell of how the work was inspired by a holiday in Capri where he "spent some weeks with a fisherman's family near the Faraglioni, those famous rocks which emerge from the sea." Etc., etc. What he has done, however, is simply to take the "ground bass" from Bach's *C Minor Passacaglia,* twist it painfully in its middle, and surround it with a series of second-hand, romantic, massed textures. The bass, with its wry, unconvincing distortion, comes back and back and back. And that's that.

HENRY COWELL's *Symphonie No. 11 (Seven Rituals of Music),* which was played on the same program, is an entirely different proposition. I don't thinks it's really a symphony. As many people have observed, its seven separate, though interrelated, sections place it more in the category of a suite. But regardless of classification, the *Symphony* is an extremely amiable work, fun to listen to, and nicely put together. As a matter of fact, it could be well described as a manifestation of the "play instinct" in music. Cowell loves to lay on great layers of his sweetly ingenuous string harmonies and let them wander into every nook and cranny, over rounded hill and dale. He loves straightforward melodies, almost, but not quite, "popular." And when he launches into a percussion passage, it is always playfully saucy and undangerous, sparked with the metallic tinkle of little Balinese cymbals, the resonant clatter of marimba or xylophone and, in this instance, the added, bell-like punctuation of three glass kitchen bowls, tuned by adding water. They sounded very pretty, very pure and not at all far-fetched. Cowell's *Rituals,* though they cover such areas of human experience as work, love, premonition, prophecy and death, are essentially an ebullient manifestation—more related in spirit to Margaret Meade's *Samoa* than to Stravinsky's *Le Sacre.*

ART

Maurice Grosser

THE Metropolitan Museum has opened its new south wing galleries with an exhibit of paintings, furniture and objects from its permanent collection, grouped under their original donors' names. The pieces themselves are well known; they are some of the finest in the museum. Their present rearrangement, introduced by some contemporary photographs of the donors' mansions, offers a lively picture of tastes and personalities.

The taste of Henry G. Marquand, in 1881 second president of the museum, must have been sober, rich, accurate and firmly conservative. His pictures, principally Dutch or Flemish, are of the very first quality. There is a Vermeer, a Hals, a Rembrandt, a Van Dyck of an English lord. Mr. Marquand's solid, advanced-conservative position can be divined from a set of extraordinary Greek-Victorian furniture, of ebony inlaid with ivory and moonstones, designed by Alma Tadema and Sir Frederick Leighton. A room in his house where this furniture was used contained among other things three classical busts, an inscription from Aeschylus, a tiger-skin rug, a Grecian grand piano mounted on sphinxes and Alma Tadema's *Reading from Homer.* If one can judge from the photograph, it was all very sumptuous as well as appropriate to the home of a rich and cultivated gentleman brought up on the classics.

The selection from the Morgan collection has quite a different character. J. Pierpont Morgan, I have been given to understand, did not collect pieces; he collected collections. His acquisitions were so numerous that he could never see them together; they were scattered in his various houses, in storage, and on loan to museums. To judge from the works on display, his attitude toward art was that of an owner. The character common to all these pieces is their fabulous value. They are more imposing for their craftsmanship, materials or rarity than for their human communication. Everything is rich. There are gold-plate and ivory statuettes, tapestries and carvings, and great public monuments like the Colonna altar piece by Raphael or the parade helmet of Francis the First of France—all easier to esteem as artistic rarities than to love as works of art. In the field of collecting, Mr. Morgan was more a conquistador than an aficionado.

The Vanderbilt and Blumenthal rooms have characters equally revealing. The Vanderbilt collection, with its Rembrandt, Gainsborough and Reynolds, and its black lacquer *chinoiserie* cabinets made for Marie Antoinette, seems less like an art collection than like the dismantled furnishings of a great English house—precisely that great house, as I have been told, the Vanderbilts considered themselves to be. And the Blumenthal collection brings to mind the stage. George Blumenthal was a banker and financier. His house at Park and 70th Street was built in the

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style of a Florentine palazzo. Almost everything it contained in the way of decoration was what a Renaissance prince might have inherited or acquired. His collection, with its Gothic furniture and mille-fleurs tapestries, seems more like the materials for a lavish stage set than like a collection of art. Even the Joos van Gent *Adoration of the Magi*, the most pretentious picture here, has a curious air of being a conscientious copy of some tempera original run up in oil on canvas for a stage occasion. And one receives the not unsympathetic impression of Mr. Blumenthal playing against this grandiose background the role of Medici banker-prince.

The Havemayer rooms give a different impression altogether. Mr. and Mrs. H. O. Havemayer left Philadelphia for Paris in the seventies. They had an eye. Also, the painter, Mary Cassatt, was their intimate friend. It was perhaps through her that they became so promptly aware of the great Impressionists and of the art of Japan that had then begun to delight advanced French taste. They bought extensively and well, each purchase a gem—the best of Greco, Degas, Goya, Corot—some of the finest pictures in the world. The best, and the most, of the Japanese screens in the museum's extensive collection (two are shown here) as well as some 1400 other oriental objects come from this source.

But here is a curious thing. The Havemayer collection tells us nothing at all about the Havemayers' social ambitions or how they regarded themselves. The objects they acquired are all too good for this. One learns only that they had advanced taste, independence of mind, a passion for painting and a talent for discovery. Their pictures have human size. They were made to communicate, not to overwhelm. They were bought to be lived with. They tell their own story, not their collectors'.

SOMETHING of collectors' taste can also be seen at the small new Museum of Contemporary Crafts on 53rd Street in a display— called *The Patron Church* —of modern ecclesiastical architecture and decorative arts. The architecture exhibit—models and photographs of both buildings and projects—forms the most interesting part of the show. Modern architecture has seldom made quite satisfactory churches. They are too frequently conceived in a manner more appropriate to exhibition booths in a world's fair—as was the famous Church of Pampulha by the Brazilian architect Niemeyer, which the Bishop of Bello Horizonte refused to consecrate. But here for the most part the buildings seem endowed with space, quiet and dignity; to mention only the Kneses Tifereth Israel Synagogue at Port Chester, New York, by Philip Johnson with its ingeniously-hung vaulted ceiling and rows of vertical slits which constitute its colored windows; the Kresge Chapel at the Massachusetts Instiute of Technology, with its pendant acoustical dampers; the Congregation Beth El Synagogue at South Orange, New Jersey, with its elaborately decorative detail; and the Chapel of the Holy Cross at Sedona, Arizona, poised on a barren cliff-side, opening to the desert sky.

The art objects displayed—hangings, vestments, windows, decorative plaques, devotional sculpture and liturgical implements—are handsome and severely modern. The greater part are done in the contemporary non-objective manner—safe and careful arrangements of colors, shapes and textures. These are the best, handsome, decorative and undisturbed. Those in which some representation of the human face or figure appears seem either malicious and caricature or sentimental and mawkish. Whether this is the fault of artist or patron is hard to say. Perhaps our art training deals more easily with the complexities of texture than with the mysteries of spirit. Perhaps the contemporary church can no longer accept from artists that curious mixture of tenderness and irony which gave the works it formerly patronized their touching reality and human scale. At any rate, to judge from this exhibition, the injunction "thou shalt make no graven image" seems for the churches today a very salutary measure.

NEARBY, on 54th Street, another small and new institution—The Museum of Primitive Art—is showing some sixty objects chosen from its permanent collection, which consists principally of a splendid group of primitive art objects assembled and donated by Nelson A. Rockefeller. The pieces now displayed come from cultures all over the world. About half are nineteenth and twentieth century Australian, African and Melanesian; half are pre-Columbian from the two Americas; one is from Japan. The objects are extremely handsome—to mention only a ghost mask from French Equatorial Africa in carved wood painted white; two ominous Grade Society figures from the New Hebrides; and a vessel in the form of a badger from a mound in Arkansas. Their lighting and presentation could not be better. Some slight ethnological background is furnished along with the catalogue, but ethnology is not the theme of this show. The presentation of so many diverse objects in one collection, as though they were part of a common tradition, removes this original meaning. Their religious and magic implications can be ignored, and we are invited to admire them solely as works of art, as if they were by contemporary artists working in the primitive style.

The slightly disturbing thing in such a presentation is the tacit assumption that there is a primitive style. Actually, a neo-primitive style does exist, as distinct a style as Byzantine or modern. It consists of the contemporary work done with stylistic references to some primitive art. But there is no such thing as a style common to all primitive arts. They are much too diverse for this, containing as they do the whole prehistory of mankind. What Mr. Rockefeller, long associated with modern art, has assembled is a most valuable collection of indigenous objects which have resemblances to modern art or might possibly inspire it.

The Devil Of My Dreams

(from the Spanish of Antonio Machado)

And he was the devil of my dreams,
the most handsome angel. His eyes
of victory shone like steel,
and bloody flames from his torch
lit the deep crypt of my soul.

"Will you come with me?" "Never.
Tombs and the dead terrify me."
Yet the ferrous fingers
seized my right arm.

"Will you come with me?" And in my dream
I went forward, blinded by his red lantern.
And in the crypt I heard the ringing chains
and the stirring of imprisoned beasts.

WILLIS BARNSTONE

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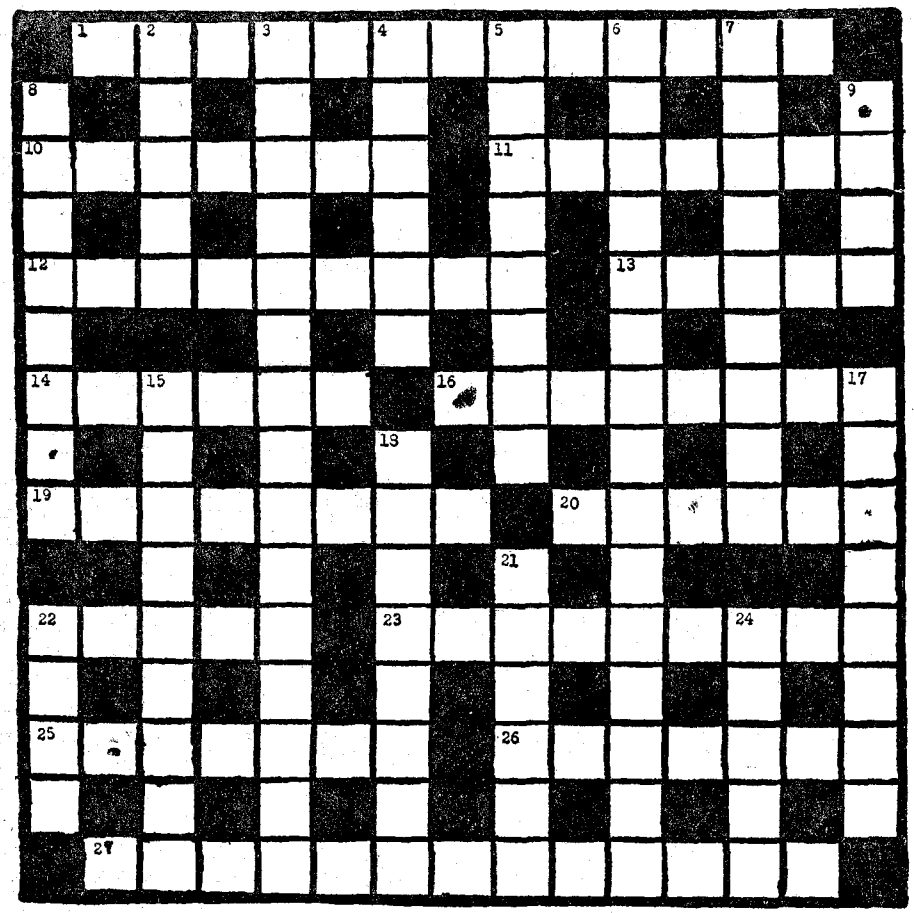
Crossword Puzzle No. 749

By FRANK W. LEWIS



ACROSS:

1 Implying a plurality of uniqueness. (13)
10 What is rather sharp about a cutter? (7)
11 The way to spoil an early dinner hour when it came back and dined afterwards. (7)
12 Ursus maritimus. (5, 4)
13 An attractive combination, but crucial. (5)
14 Use my pole for a change! (6)
16 She certainly gives her support to the entablature. (8)
19 Their introduction is likely to make one smart. (8)
20 Uncle Richard certainly has the characteristic of a D. D. (6)
22 On the surface of it, such a tract has few inequalities, but may be outspoken. (5)
23 Irritated at the rate with which the first five letters are confused? (9)
25 Mounting assistance, no doubt! (7)
26 To what are the heads of Davy Crockett fan clubs indebted? (7)
27 Can't be disposed to take a flier! (8, 5)

DOWN:

2 Conceptual form of personal business announcement. (5)
3 One might find the range longer over this, and especially over Canada. (8, 7)
4 The cupboard of Dr. Lear? (6)
5 Are, by the sound of it, more than several a change of judgment? (8)
6 16 and 23 are both such words. (15)
7 The Louvre, at a state for one to ascertain the worth of it. (9)
8 Openings where the wash returns. (8)
9 All of us exist briefly, or at least existed. (4)
15 The absence of positive character. (9)
17 Modest? It's about time! (When they call us this in the West, smile!) (8)
18 Bar in which a sort of chaplain should hold the dough. (5, 3)
21 Dried up — just the reverse of a body of water. (6)
22 Where a famous landmark is the first of 27. (4)
24 What's the point of either South or North? (5)

SOLUTION TO PUZZLE NO. 748

ACROSS: 1 DIDACTIC; 5 TAPPED; 9 LAWSUIT; 10 BURMESE; 11 ERRATUM; 12 ANNUALS; 13 PERPENDICULAR; 15 LACKADAISICAL; 21 ACONITE; 22 MELANGE; 23 HISTORY; 24 NEEDING; 25 REDEEM; 26 ASSESSOR. DOWN: 1 DULLES; 2 DEWDROP; 4 INTEMPERATELY; 6 AARONIC; 7 PREVAIL; 8 DRESSERS; 10 BLANDISHMENTS; 14 BLEACHER; 16 CROSSED; 17 ADIPOSE; 18 COLLEGE; 19 LENTILS; 20 and 3 GEIGER COUNTER.

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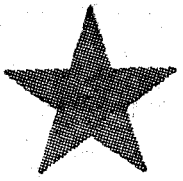

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